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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Artists and Journalism

MR. CHESTERTON'S talent for contrary epigrams has led many readers to underestimate the shrewdness of his observation. When he is wrong he is so brilliantly wrong that when he is right we distrust his sagacity. It was a wise remark that he made on leaving America, saying that there was much admirable writing being done in the United States but that a good deal of it was lost in journalism.

There seems nevertheless to be some confusion of values here. Good writing is not lost in journalism, it merely serves a different function from what we are pleased to call literature, and frequently proves to be literature by any definition of that term, just as much (or rather most) so-called literature too frequently proves to be nothing at all, accomplishing nothing in its own time and having no survival value. A bound volume of a newspaper or a magazine of the early nineteen hundreds is more valuable now in every sense than the clutter of literature which did not come off, that still may be found on the shelves of our largest libraries.

This, however, is beside the point, for no one speaking, like Mr. Chesterton, of contemporary writing, can tell with any certainty what literature is going to survive, or even guess at what journalism may prove to be enduring literature. And yet this much may surely be said, that no writer's effort is wasted if it is useful to his generation, and that except where great imaginative masterpieces are in question it makes little difference whether the Muses are served by excellence that is known to be transitory but is gratefuly assimilated, or by excellence that has the nobler aim of art. In the impartial scales of a General Inspector of human society a ringing political editorial or a correspondent's account of the downfall of the throne of Castile and Aragon might just balance a fine (but not great) sonnet or a good short story.

What lay at the back of Mr. Chesterton's mind may, however, have been a more urgent question: whether the fault in America was not an unwise diversion of energy. The pull toward journalism here is terrific. In every direction one sees the tension visibly operating upon fine talents who write for immediate consumption because that means immediate reward and immediate recognition. Success in literature here gets its guerdon, as so often before, indirectly not directly. It used to be places and pensions, now unfortunately it is an opportunity to do a different kind of work. Let a man write good poetry, and he is invited to make a living by lecturing or teaching in a university. Let a woman write a distinguished novel which makes a critical success, and she is asked to acquire an income by contributing a series of articles on children, or gardens, or the morals of young girls, to a woman's magazine. Let a young man write a brilliant satire, and he will be offered a journalist's contract, not for another satire but for an innocuous short story. With such cradle snatching on Parnassus going on day and night it is no wonder that good literature is lost in the cause of journalism.

We could do just now with a good deal less journalism and a great deal more real literature. The first is an indispensable now in a state of overproduction, the second is an equal indispensable that needs some kind of a spiritual protective tariff. Literature of a sort is also being overproduced, but the workshops where the lasting varieties ought to be furnished sometime, somehow, by one if not by another, are emptied of too many likely workmen by the sign "Higher Wages Here" across the street. It is no esthetic sin, on the contrary it is a virtue, for an artist to turn out good journalism, but if our potentially great artists all go off at half cock whenever a check waves in front of them, that is calamity.

Prayer at a Literary Tea

By JOHN THEOBALD

AGES ago it was the Spring,
Breathed on François Villon's breath,
Condemned as beggar, crowned as king,
He lived a life that beggared death.

And did he, when he drank his wine,
Observe the progress of achievement?
And did he circumspectly dine
To guard his fame against bereavement?

Did Thespis, or the Dorian breed
Spend all their cunning on a rime;
Barter their burning youth to read
New books, new books? Oh! waste of time!

Oh! folly in the heyday of the hot azalea
To save up futures for the soul,
And show each other our regalia
When that wild bird-throat is the whole!

Delphian, throned on the flashing sunbeam,
Lighten our darkness we beseech thee, Lord!
Come in thy rubies, ride on the one dream
Left us at evening when the lives we hoard
Break, scatter, fall into a vast illusion!
Let us, bright flutterer, from the world's confusion!

This Week

"Builders of Delusion."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"Growing Up in New Guinea."
Reviewed by EDITH CLARKE.

"The Dutch and Swedes on the Delaware."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"Come to Think of It."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"Fatal Interview."
Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS.

"The Two Carlyles."
Reviewed by CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD.

"The Orchid."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Three Pairs of Silk Stockings."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Round about Parnassus.
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Next Week, or Later

"The Science of Life."
Reviewed by RICHARD SWANN LULL.

Arnold Bennett

By FRANCIS HACKETT

I THINK of Arnold Bennett as I last saw him, coming down the stairs of his own house. His morning's work was evidently done, his conscience clear, his manner leisurely and assured. He had that fresh English color and that sparkle of health which one hardly sees in a photograph. Though his hair was silvery it had a cocky curl in it, and the subtle shade of his blue suit enhanced the beauty of his eyes. He might have been a captain in the merchant marine coming off the bridge of his ship. He greeted his guests with a cordial yet pondering gaze; and then, very characteristic of something precise and critical in him, I remember how he adjusted the reversed collar of his friend Somerset Maugham's coat as we went in to lunch. "You are always so neat, Somerset," he murmured paternally.

Nature is sardonic. There was perhaps no literary career in England so robust and flourishing. This year Bennett was 63 odd. He had produced a piquant film not so long before. He was writing weekly literary articles at half a crown a word that gave powerful impact to any book's success or failure. Every day an aspiring author sent his work to Bennett. "I receive 200 books a year," he told me seven years ago, "I promise to read 20. I read 10." But his criticisms and his general articles were mere hors d'oeuvres. He had just concluded an immense novel, "Imperial Palace," which was lustrous with vitality. He was quoted. He was continually in view. He possessed the centre of the stage in literary London. And suddenly this vigorous organism, of which he was so careful and so naturally proud, was attacked by the typhoid germ and the whole beautiful mechanism reduced to dust.

It is sad and shocking. It is sad to see a man die in full strength. It is shocking to think that Arnold Bennett is no longer there. One counted on Bennett. The young men might disown him and Rebecca West might be amused by him as avuncular. But he was there. And now he is not there.

The suddenness of this catastrophe brings into relief the problem that Arnold Bennett had always deliberately presented to one's literary conscience—the problem of his expensive commercial success. Now that his work is over and the Rolls Royce empty, was it worth it? That is what any literary critic may ask.

* * *

I began puzzling about this problem in my own mind over twenty years ago. I always liked Arnold Bennett immensely. I liked him from the day I reviewed "The Old Wives' Tale" when I was a critic in Chicago in 1910, perhaps not the less because he wrote to me that mine was the review which had given him the most pleasure. I liked him when I came to meet him. He was too much of a literary magnate for me to become intimate, but there was something about him inherently rich, warm, genuine and lovable. And yet I was always puzzled by his sense of values. . . . An extraordinary man.

Sometimes one opened a popular magazine to light on a short story by Bennett of simply atrocious quality—like bad chocolates in a beribboned box. Sometimes one read novels like "Accident" or "Strange Vanguard" that were hopelessly superficial. Sometimes he did things like "The Pretty Lady" that were spiritually obtuse. But just as one had "found him out" and ruled him out, he revealed the existence of an entirely different being—a rare, sensitive, generous, scrupulous, honest, and essentially incorruptible artist who didn't give a damn for the philistines.

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In one mood, I think, Bennett hated and feared the esthetic man. Himself from the clay of Staffordshire, he was of the uncouth Puritan English stock, set in prejudices like iron in cement, confined by the English caste system, detesting the self-betrayal of emotion, despising the least concession to the weakness of human nature, fortifying himself in truculent independence against his gaucherie, and trusting above everything to armor himself in cash. On this side of his character Bennett was tough will-to-power. He showed when he was a young man that he too could write for "The Yellow Book"; but he never submerged his will to inspiration. There was nothing of the "artistic temperament" about his conduct. He worked by the clock—an article in an hour. He told me proudly he had never been late with "copy" in his life. He could take regular morning exercises, "jerks" as the English call them, or make regular entries in his diary, no matter how vividly he was living. He was methodic, positive, rational. He gloried in the solvency of his self-control. He was an "executive," and he could avert a cocktail or a liqueur with cool commonsense. "Poison. How can you do it?" This cool commonsense ran through him as a commercial canal might cut across a garden. He came of mercantile England and he was basically utilitarian. Hence his utilization of his literary by-products. He made trivial novels out of the exhaust of serious novels. He produced stories with heroines in the latest frocks. He wrote guides to literary taste, secrets of domestic happiness, How to live on 24 Hours a Day, hints on efficiency—everything, in fact, except politics and poetry. And he rejected poetry after an experiment because, as he said, it cost too much effort and time.

* * *

And yet this literary Benthamite, this man whose cool commonsense never completely forsook him, had the temerity, on occasion, to love beauty and tell the truth. He was a professed Freethinker in correct England, a declared Socialist before the war, an advocate of birth control against cant and reticence, a friend to every kind of new talent, an extraordinarily accessible man. It was his love of beauty that, as a young man, sent him to France. He left the safety of a London editorship (he, like Oscar Wilde, was once editor of a ladies' journal) to create such a stupendous novel as "The Old Wives' Tale" that could scarcely remunerate him—and to do this in the exalted isolation of Fontainebleau. The mercantile prudence that was in his bones could not stop him from it. The French helped him to understand how deeply he had lived in the apparently trite and squalid Five Towns, and he set himself with a kind of voluptuous honesty to envelop his own unromantic experience. "The Old Wives' Tale" is French in being completely emancipated from the moral obsession that enslaved the English novel in Dickens, in George Eliot, in Thackeray, in Meredith even—in everyone, one might say, since Jane Austen. Bennett contemplated his unfashionable creatures with pure fidelity to their significance as against mere edifying existence; and he did this on the grandest scale.

The English did not see it. As English criticism twenty-five years ago was still dominated by the mandarins, and as the lending libraries remained Victorian, "The Old Wives' Tale" fell comparatively flat. It was not until America acclaimed it that it made its real reputation in England.

The man who had created "The Old Wives' Tale" was the man who, in Bennett, always gave his disinterested heart to the best in literature. Little bohemian as he was, deeply as he mistrusted his impulses, he was always one of the first to see the real thing. When he wrote of books in those crisp letters to the "New Age," about 1910, names like Tchehov were introduced to hundreds of eager readers who could trust his generous discernment. The first day I met him, in 1920, the book that was open on his table was Proust. It was he who paid decisive tribute to the H. G. Wells of "Tono-Bungay," to George Moore always, to the great Russian novels. Once he was at a lionizing reception to Joseph Conrad, whom he had never met. Bennett kept far away from the lion but when Conrad was told who was there he broke through the circle. He rushed over and put both his hands on Bennett's shoulders exclaiming, "Well I've just heard you are Arnold Bennett. To think you've been my friend all these years, and I didn't know you." It was Bennett who said first of all, "D. H. Lawrence is a genius," which is true, just as it was he the other day who recalled the glorious mountain freshet of Robert Burns. Old or new, he saw authors for himself; he made his reservations about James Joyce. He saw sentimentality in Galsworthy twenty years ago. He insisted on the thinness of Henry James.

"After I read Tchehov," he said to my wife, "I put down my fountain pen and swear I'll never pick it up again." But he was not confined to admiring the genre of naturalism. He had nobility in his allegiance to authors as little popular as Mark Rutherford or Osbert Sitwell. He had some violent dislikes, of course, but it was hard to shake him when he liked anything. I tried to shake him, for example, on the subject of Dreiser's "American Tragedy." It is my belief that there is a demagogue in Dreiser. The man who turned the limelight on the injured woman in "Jennie Gerhardt" is callously negligent of the far more injured woman in "An American Tragedy." Dreiser's indictment of America for prosecuting the murderer is legal idiocy. So, at any rate, I urged on Bennett. He became very thoughtful, scrutinizing me with his grave eyes and saying nothing, but suddenly shaking his head and making a dogged reaffirmation of his faith.

Few men were more interesting to talk to, I imagine. Few men saw more sides of a question, few had more loyalty to the thing observed, few had so much emotional tenacity or were so initiated and shrewd. But he was English. He was slow to give himself. He would begin, subside, resume, make a point, break off. Like most gauche men, he suffered most from other people's shyness. He was extremely sensitive to moral and mental atmosphere and he was well aware that London and New York are whispering galleries.

"Imperial Palace" was a very natural culmination of his art. He had long since exhausted the Five Towns. He was far too loyal to life to write about writers, the novelist's confession that his arteries are hardening. He had ceased to be a provincial without acquiring London as second nature. He was intimate with War Lords, had done Lord Raingo, but was not sufficiently sociological to make Big Business his own. What then could give him the envelope he needed? He had become too prosperous to feel the poignancy of another "Riceyman Steps." He was, in fact, saturated with the metropolis in which he lived—the world of audacious enterprise, of showmanship, of picture papers, of rewarded and thwarted ambition, of purchased luxury, of exterior glitter and speed and "swank." He inhaled this sort of thing and it intoxicated him. He was too honest, and too Machiavellian in his respect for experience, not to believe that this was Life. He thought of selecting Harrod's Stores, but Zola had done it in "Aux Bonheurs des Dames" and there was something more representative of his own joy in organization about a hotel. A great hotel—the climax of his lifelong admiration of workmanship. He had once described an Atlantic liner with gusto (the Lusitania, all except the steerage). But the hotel was as compact as a ship. Never, I think, had he such beautiful technique. "Imperial Palace" glides into its story like a great liner smoothly sliding from its moorings. With superb competence he manipulated both the machinery and the ostentation of it, the esprit de corps and the underlying ambition, its cosmopolitan men and especially its women. It was life, not as a spiritual experience but as an occupational experience. It was, in reality, a pæan to power. But besides possessing himself of the body and soul of a hotel, in so far as it has a soul, Bennett gave a true, unsparing, audacious, and in some ways disillusioned portrait of himself as a hotel magnate. I found Bennett in every line. The book is a significant book, and a magnificent one.

* * *

But where was Bennett's sense of the magnum mysterium? When I finished this long volume, I felt at first a certain emptiness. Was this all? And then it dawned on me that the problem that Bennett's artistic life had always presented had been resolved by the triumph of the man of power. Expert in sensation, faithful to his libido, true to the Calvinism of commerce, Arnold Bennett had accepted himself as a captain of industry. The last word of his film Piccadilly, "life goes on," was essentially the last word of his novel. A remorseless agnosticism. Meanwhile, he really enjoyed luxury and sumptuousness, fame and money, and the integrity of balancing his accounts. He was there as an artist, but his art had become subordinate. And the love story, exterior to the drama of the hotel, was inherent in the story of power.

"Life goes on." The individual is a dimple in the stream, a whorl in running water. Yet memory also goes on, and judgment of values goes on. As I listened to the most ethereal choir I ever heard, the other night, the Palestrina Choir in Copenhagen, I kept thinking of Arnold Bennett in this new perspective of death. A friend of his had said, "he never quarrelled with fate." But did he not allow the standards of one sort of integrity to encroach on the unity of his being as a writer? Did he not take too seriously the "average sensual man" in himself? A hotel, after all, is only a mud hut in another form. To take it as ultimate is to close out those rhythms that mount from Palestrina to the roof, and from the roof into spaces beyond. I accepted Bennett as he was, and I was proud of knowing him in his strong and rich English complexity. But there was something I wanted to hear from him in utmost candor, something of his own self and "miserere nobis." A man with such a sense of romance and tragedy needed to ignore the exterior world, put off his armor and tell the story. . . . And now he is silent.

The Human Mind

BUILDERS OF DELUSION. A Tour Among Our Best Minds. By HENSHAW WARD. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

HERE is a terrible and dangerous book. It is a book which every one whose trade is thought—or, more exactly, every writer who believes that his trade is thought—ought to keep constantly beside him, as our ancestors kept calomel always in the medicine cabinet, to be taken from time to time for the benefit of the organism. In the hands of the general public it might easily do more harm than good; but in the present condition of the publishing industry the odds are strongly against any book getting into the hands of the general public, especially a non-fiction book selling for $3.50; so there is some hope that Mr. Ward's study of the habits of the human mind may not be much read except by those who need it.

The author is the inventor of the verb "to thob"—that is, to think about an opinion that is believed, and to impute to that figment of the emotions the validity of eternal truth. He spends a hundred and forty pages jeering at reason, that proudest attribute of man, showing how again and again it has led us to ludicrous folly, how the highest truth and the noblest thinkers of each generation become the mere laughing-stock of the next. His verdict on the most magnificent feats of the human intellect could be summed up in the Psalmist's line: "They are altogether become filthy; there is none of them that is good—no, not one."

Is anything good, then? Well, Mr. Ward finds merit in curiosity, in the scientific spirit, in the determination to submit every hypothesis to experimental verification. "The conflict of theories proves the lack of knowledge. . . . No rational creature can feel certainty about anything so long as it is disputable. . . . The only guarantee of the truth of any idea seems to be that it can be verified by all competent observers."

Submitted to this fairly rigorous test, most of current knowledge seems rather ridiculous. Mr. Ward has a grand good time examining contemporary theology, philosophy, pedagogy, psychology, and theories of the cause of war; your choice among these chapters will be determined by your taste and your experience, but this reviewer found most meat in the one on pedagogy. "The present orgies of reason at Columbia Teachers' College will probably seem to the educators of 1960 on a par with the belief of Luther that a bodily Satan came through his window. . . . To teachers who know anything of their art the ignorance shown by professors of pedagogy is terrifying." But theologians, amateur or professional, are no better—except the Catholics, who when they have once gulped down their tremendous major premise can swallow anything else. "The most remarkable fact about men who rely on private [religious] experience is that they have no tolerance for any other man's private experience." Eddington's intuitions of God may be valid; but so may any other man's intuitions of not-God; no method of verification has yet been devised.

Quoting Hawthorne, Mr. Ward observes that in every age it has been precisely the best minds who were most egregiously and most stubbornly wrong, to the notion of posterity. Is there any reason to suppose that this process has changed—that in the

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past decade the human mind has suddenly reversed all its habits, and attained to intuitive cognition of eternal reality? Ward does not think so; he suggests that in another thirty years Dewey may be as dead as Kant, and Watson as Stanley Hall. But Dewey and Watson approach their problems scientifically. Read Ward's analysis and you will doubt it. Besides, he is skeptical, not only of the claim of thinkers in non-physical fields to the use of the scientific method, but even of the existence of a scientific method. Instances drawn from occupations so diverse as cancer research and the detection of crime show the immense importance of inexplicable hunches as a guide to investigation; science itself may be only another art.

About this time, however, the plain man is likely to ask, What of it? In many departments of human affairs experimental verification is at present, and may be forever, impossible. Yet one must live, or at least is in the habit; if the knowledge by which we live is no more than error, we are going to go on living anyway. What is the use, then, of thinking at all? Why not eat, drink, and be merry?

Mr. Ward is not immediately concerned with that. He does indeed give a pragmatic definition of what may be believed: "Whenever an opinion is so widely held that it is practically undisputed, that hardly anyone can conceive its opposite, that its probability is overwhelming—then we say that it is knowledge at present. But it is relative and is not guaranteed forever." By that test, witchcraft and the geocentric universe were knowledge in their day; but it is on such "knowledge" that most of us must act all the time, and all of us some of the time. There was once a thinker who was quite as skeptical as Mr. Ward of the certainties of his contemporaries; at one stage of his thinking he came to the conclusion that knowledge was impossible—but that right opinion was just as useful, for all practical purposes. Only, you must be sure it is right; and you must remember that it is only opinion.

So says Mr. Ward, "to paint a bright picture in the mind is not thobbery but legitimate fancy. Thobbery begins only when we forget that the picture is not reality. If anyone can learn to distinguish between a mental picture and a thing in the world, he has a happier and more useful mind." As for the rightness of opinions, they are easily tested—sometimes. The proof that you have a right opinion about the road from Athens to Thebes is that you start from Athens and get to Thebes.

But it is not always so simple; and in any case there must be room for the investigator who may find a shorter road from Athens to Thebes. And here is something to be said for the "reason" that Mr. Ward so derides; men may form ludicrously inaccurate pictures of what it, but it is precisely by the testing out of such hypotheses that what knowledge we have has been attained. This book is valuable in that it must shame all of us who have any intellectual scruples at all into putting our convictions a little more frequently, and more rigorously, to the test.

Water Babies

GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA. By MARGARET MEAD. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDITH CLARKE
University of London

EVERY society has, in some way or other, to turn its headstrong, rebellious babies into docile, conforming citizens. Generally the work devolves on parents, but it is important work and the society, by various more or less standardized mechanisms, also takes a hand. Can anything be learned from comparative studies of educational methods?

In the first half of her illuminating book, Miss Mead describes the educational process among a community of fishing folk on one of the Admiralty Isles off the north coast of New Guinea. She discusses their technique of "conditioning" and the successes and failures of their methods; and she makes certain generalizations on the basis of these data. In the second half of the volume she applies these generalizations to modern problems of education and child psychology in America.

Recent anthropological data have been disciplined too often into sombre, drab stuff. Miss Mead will have none of this new-fashioned sobriety. We recall the speculations of the Encyclopædists—their discoveries of a Golden Age and a Noble Savage. Later, with Tylor, Morgan, and Brinton, the chief concern of anthropologists was to deduce the origins of human society in a dim prehistoric past, from the fossilized institutions which "survived" in existing primitive cultures. I do not mean to say that Miss Mead has any poetic illusions about her "primitives." On the contrary, she refuses to allow us to deck them with any of the spurious glamour which, as sophisticated wanderers from an over-mechanized society, we might easily have found in the account of these amphibious children in their tropic lagoon. Nor does the author indulge in any speculations as to origins. None the less her interests are mainly indirect and moral and her account of Manus society is always orientated to the comparison with America, and her main thesis is frankly the value of such comparative study in inducing a clearer understanding of specific American problems with a view to their solution.

The comparison is justifiable, we are told, because Manus and America "present very much the same picture." In both countries children are socially undisciplined, yet, in the end, expected to conform to the conventional social pattern; in neither country is there any indigenous art, but Manus natives, "like Americans, . . . richer than their neighbors, buy their neighbors' handiwork," while the "money standard" common to both cultures results in similar cultural values.

Perhaps the most startling generalizations of all arise out of the analysis of Manus educational meth-

THE LATE ARNOLD BENNETT

ods and achievements, an analysis which forms the main thesis of the first half of the volume. Only three things are adequately and deliberately taught to Manus children: physical proficiency, respect for property, and "shame" of certain natural functions of the human body. These lessons having been learned by the time the child is three years old, his life is thereafter given up to "dull and uninteresting play," devoid of any educational or social value. The question which here suggests itself is whether, for the exigencies of Manus society, the sociologist is justified in concluding that the children are really uneducated and undisciplined. It seems clear that the society recognizes these "lessons" as adequate; certainly they are very important and we are assured that they are very efficiently taught. More than that, it is obviously impossible to exact absolute obedience from a child on three points only, without a good deal of collateral discipline. From Miss Mead's material it is clear that these three "subjects" imply a great many more. For her conclusion is that the system is culturally effective, the children being made completely masters of their physical environment, and assimilated as adults, without any danger to the social fabric, though at some cost to themselves, to the culture pattern.

Finally the author contends that the Manus system fosters "personality" and that the close father-child relation in Manus makes possible the cultural transmission of strong characters. The obliteration of the mother-child relationship in favor of the male parent is, therefore, a social "good" and might well be advocated for America, where, on the contrary, the male child suffers from a dominance of female influence both in home and school and where the social system does not allow of this valuable father-son "identification." Miss Mead says that "the American boy's conceptions of manhood are diluted, standardized, undifferentiated," and that "he is condemned to approximate to a generic idea of manhood rather than to a number of interesting known men." This is a generalization which I find difficulty in accepting and it will be interesting to know what the American sociologist has to say to it. In the same way, it will be for the economist to decide whether one can in cold blood speak of a "money standard" in Manus, or seriously compare it with America in this respect.

* * *

With regard to method. Miss Mead spent six months in Manus of "concentrated and uninterrupted field-work":

> From a thatched house on piles I . . . learned the native language, the children's games, the intricacies of social organization, economic custom, and religious belief and practice which formed the social framework within which the child grows up. . . .

And again:

> This study has also as a background a detailed knowledge of the culture. . . .

"The question is," said Alice, "whether a word can mean so much?"

"The question is," said the March Hare, "Who is to be master?"

If one does not go out equipped with a native language, (which we are not told was the case here), how soon within six months is one likely to be so proficient in it as to conduct all one's inquiries in it, listen, fully understanding, to the allusive, idiomatic chatter of natives, especially in the faulty, lisping accents of young children? Certainly not "throughout" those six months. Before she had acquired full proficiency the anthropologist was dependent upon interpreters (in this case "a schoolboy . . . who understood a good deal of English and spoke perfect pidgin"), and upon direct observation, and no one can deny that much can be learned by intelligent methods in such a case. It is an admitted and proven fact that the scientifically trained observer will learn more in six months than the average trader or settler in sixteen years. But even so, six months is a very little time for such a very big achievement as the mastery of every aspect of a culture, even a simple one: for the complete understanding of the mental habits and psychology of a foreign people.

I am not for a moment questioning the genuineness of the author's statements but the point is of importance. I have myself lived all my childhood and most of my adult life in the West Indies among a native people who have many times been "written up" by short-term visitors and I have been impressed by the difficulties and superficialities of their work. The point struck me especially strongly when I read Miss Mead's verdict on the dulness of the children's play and their lack of imagination. For my own part, my first reaction to the account of these efficient babies tumbling in and out of canoes, romping on the half-submerged islands, untrameled by grown-ups, and bathing the live-long golden day in the waters of their lagoon, was: "What a children's Paradise!" It brought back to me my own riotous childhood, sharing similar joys with little black hoydens in the river that turned the water-wheel of my grandfather's sugar estate. And I thought: maybe the English visitor might have said the same of our play as does Miss Mead of the games of the Manus children; whereas a deeper understanding and the sympathy which comes from sharing the people's lives might have made her think differently.

* * *

I think the author overstresses the "simplicity" of this people and their culture. They are "a simple people" and the account of their institutions and spiritual assets is "a simplified record in which all the elements can be readily grasped and understood." So she tells us: but I find the economic system to be extremely complex from the data which we are given; while the system of kinship obligations and duties, even though its repercussions upon child life and thought may be as slight as Miss Mead affirms, (which also might be questioned), is equally integrated and complicated.

Moreover the author's further claim that Manus is an "untouched" community does not bear much scrutiny. On her own showing European influence has profoundly modified native life. Warfare is now forbidden. Now these inter-tribal, inter-village raids were not only formerly the chief occupation of adolescent youths, but, since the captured women were used as prostitutes, were also means of mitigating the very strict rules prohibiting sexual intercourse outside marriage. And remember that, according to our author, full sexual satisfaction is never achieved in matrimony, the woman dreading her sex experience and the man being always hampered in its enjoyment by the "frigidity" and lack of response in his wife. This one prohibition—of warfare— has,

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obviously therefore, considerably affected village life.

There is also room for doubt whether the substitution for warfare of work abroad for the white man is really, as Miss Mead believes, a happy and satisfactory solution of the problems arising out of the transitional stage between irresponsible youth and economically overburdened maturity. "The young men are taken out of the village during the years when the community has no way of dealing with them." At the end of their years of service with the white man they return "rich, and therefore in a position to command . . . respect." They are given a feast of reinstatement and are immediately completely reabsorbed into the community. In other words, not only has their sojourn with the white man not unfitted them for this reassimilation, but their experiences in no way react upon and modify the community which, on the contrary, retains its integrity, "untouched" and uncorrupted.

Yet we learn that pidgin English is spoken by the children, and, we deduce, by all male adults. One of the games of the older children is an imitation of the work boys' custom of pooling their wages; and many of the returned work boys become servants of the Government and "wear the hat" as insignia of their new and enhanced status. All this argues a considerable amount of contact of cultures—at least Manus cannot be described as one of those isolated "untouched societies" . . . which have not yet been corrupted by alien ideas and customs.

From the anthropological point of view, however, it is the generalizations upon parenthood and marriage which are most challenging. They strike at the root of recent anthropological theory and at certain well substantiated and fundamental principles, drawn from other societies by anthropologists who spent, in some cases, several years in the field.

Thus we are told that, in Manus, marriage has no foundation in spontaneous or developed mutual affection. The mother-child relation, which we had believed to be the fundamental social, as it is the fundamental biological, fact of kinship, is obliterated by the father-child relationship. The fact of parenthood, far from forming a strong and vital bond between man and wife, is a source of friction and antagonism. Kinship ties are far from being a binding and integrating force in native society, penetrating into individual family groups and linking families to families. On the contrary, Miss Mead would have us believe, these kinship bonds, as for example the strong bond between brother and sister, tend rather to destroy the solidarity of the family group, by setting husband and wife apart as members of different groups, with distinct and antagonistic sentiments and duties. She claims also that the stress upon the paternal relationship, the facts of patriliny and patrilocal marriage, create a rift between husband and wife, mother and child, which receives social reinforcement.

Now there is nothing unusual in the social configuration of Manus society. The unilateral overemphasis under matriliny or patriliny is a common feature of primitive societies, and inevitably results, as Professor Malinowski has shown in his Melanesian material, in a conflict which is resolved by various pragmatic and ritual devices. Usually it is assisted by a supernatural sanction on the non-stressed side, as among the matrilineal Ashanti described by Captain Rattray, where a pronounced cult of clan ancestors is counterbalanced by the patrilineal cult of the *ntoro*.

In Manus the religious cult is limited to family ancestors, who differentiate as between husband and wife. But it would be interesting to know whether there is no effort at compensation. Among the Bantu peoples of South Africa, and also among certain West African tribes, the respective family gods pay deference to each other in virtue of the fact that the child is recognized as being under the protection of the ancestors of both parents.

But whether this should prove to be the case or not, there is nothing in the nature of the facts presented to us to indicate that the author's interpretation is necessarily the only one, or the best, which can be put upon them. Moreover, sweeping generalizations as to such fundamental relationships and social facts, can only be made on the basis of a full and complete study of Manus family life and kinship organization. This study, if and when we are given it, may substantiate these general conclusions. Until then we can only say that the case is "not proven."

At least, however, I may have indicated its trend sufficiently to convince you that this is a provocative book, instructive in its rich detail, and worth the reading, even if we end by disagreeing with nearly every one of its conclusions.

A Colonial Saga

THE DUTCH AND SWEDES ON THE DELAWARE: 1609-64. By CHRISTOPHER WARD. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

HISTORY is made by the future even more than by the past. Because the English in New England and the English in Virginia made their racial and national culture prevail in the United States, colonial experiences as interesting, and, at the time, as important as theirs, have remained in obscurity. The Dutch of New York were saved for fame by Washington Irving and their tenacious grip upon Manhattan Island land, the Spanish empire north of Mexico is only now being historicized by the labors of scholars of California and the South West; the Swedes and Finns, and the Dutch of the Delaware have had no place in popular history because they kept no obvious place on the South River which they colonized. And yet many an "old American" would find his ancestry running back to a Finn, in a log hut above the marshes of the Christiana or in the hills of the Brandywine.

Since Benjamin Ferris's "History of the Original Settlements on the Delaware," 1846, one of the early attempts at historical scholarship in the United States, an immense amount of research has been spent upon the Swedish settlements and the struggle for control of the Delaware between the Dutch and the Swedes, and the documentary evidence has long been in and available to scholars, but there has been no summary book for the reader, not himself a specialist, in which the history of this colony could be read with all its backgrounds in Europe and relations with exploration and settlement elsewhere on the seaboard. Mr. Ward professes no original research, but he has made intelligent and scholarly use of the abundant sources at his disposal, and has told the Swedish story with judgment, scope, and insight.

I shall leave that story to the readers of this very readable book, but it should be noted that in spite of the weakness of the colony, it is not lacking either in color or character. The Swedes and Finns who made the ill-conducted voyages to the Delaware were swept by strong compulsion from a country which, under Gustavus Adolphus, had tasted of imperial glory but which needed neither colonies nor emigration, being itself backward economically and underpopulated. The immigrants themselves were neither aggressive Puritans seeking a new Jerusalem, nor ambitious adventurers hoping to make fortunes in Virginia. They were a scurvy lot of the poor and the sinful, and yet with surprisingly few difficulties they settled down upon the rich Delaware land and by the time of Penn's arrival were already good cultivators of good farms. They were a simple people, little concerned with who governed them, feared, but apparently without much reason, by the Dutch, who were always in a minority, and they passed under English dominance and disappeared as a racial group so quickly and easily that we have forgotten who first cleared the farms on both sides of the lower Delaware and opened the country, with a minimum of Indian warfare and a maximum of success for poor, unprivileged, and ignorant men. Only the Swedish churches at Wilmington and Philadelphia remain, as reminders that the Swedes and Finns were Lutherans who made their own establishment because they would not accept the Calvinism of the Dutch.

But though the Swedes were a quiet and unpolitical people, their leaders knew how to make history. One of the services of this volume is its restoration of a great colonial figure, Governor Johan Printz. Four hundred pounds of man, with a will and character, though of doubtful morals when it came to beaver skins, Printz subdued the South River for Sweden, and if he had been English would be known as one of the great organizers of seventeenth century America. His successor Rising was also a man of calibre: the epic conflict between the Swedes under his leadership and Peter Stuyvesant is the subject of one of Irving's most amusing chapters; and in this more sober history proves to have been a double siege and double victory which, if the English had not a little later lapped up conquered and conquerors, would be regarded as one of the decisive engagements of American history. Whether the affair was as humorous as Mr. Ward makes it is questionable. Captain Skute, leaving Fort Trefaldighet with the honors of war, to find that General Stuyvesant's agreement to let his company march out contained no provision as to where they could go, and the haste with which the Swedes provisioned their forts with beer and cherry brandy, are risible, but one feels, I think with justice, that Irving has given an irresponsible twist of humor to everything that happened in these middle colonies. No Englishman or American seems to be able to write of them after him without a grin. This is the one fault I find with Mr. Ward's otherwise excellent narrative. Irving, as is now well known, was writing not only of the Dutch, but of the Jeffersonian democrats, whom all good Federalists scorned, and who were thinly disguised in many of the Knickerbocker figures. Indeed Irving's account of the expedition to the South River is warped into a paraphrase of a famous military episode in the Jefferson Administration. The 400-pound Printz and Rising and the rest were no more or no less amusing than Virginians or Rhode Islanders, nor were the fights and sieges along the Delaware more comic than many a Virginia episode. It is Irving's laugh that reëchoes in all who write of them.

The Swedish colony, and the Dutch colony that succeeded it, both failed, as Mr. Ward makes clear, because the proprietors thereof were interested only in trading, not in settlement. The Swedish and Finnish settlers remained and prospered because they dug into the soil, but their governments lost them as nationals because they were not interested in new lands, but only in furs and such exotics. The jaws of the pincers—New England on the North, Maryland on the South—pressed closer and closer; the English sea power took a hand, and New Sweden and its successor, the South River colony of the Dutch, came to their end. The English had come in numbers, the English had come under leaders who themselves intended to stay. The immediate future was theirs. However, as Mr. Ward observes, the Dutch, who got Surinam in compensation for New Netherland, still own it!

If, as has been so often said, Americans in general lack a sense of soil and background, one reason is that they are so poorly read in the past of their own country. New England, Virginia, the winning of the West in barest outline, are taught in the schools and are present in the imagination, but the rest of our earliest history is little known or unknown. Hence books like "The Dutch and the Swedes on the Delaware," written for the lay reader, and bringing into the light the history of the rivers, hills, and acres we know in the present, and the past of families still living beside or upon them, are of the greatest service. Johan Printz and Madame Paplgoja, the turbulent Pastor Lockenius and the learned Johan Campanius, Governor Rising and the rash D'Hinoyossa, the swashbuckler Utie of Maryland, are all names that should mean more in our remembered history, and will to those who read this book.

Apropos of the recent death of Katharine Tynan the London *Observer* says: "The death of Katharine Tynan will remove a familiar name from the rolls of current poetry and fiction. it will leave a still greater blank in those circles, both English and Irish, where she was cherished for her personal charm, for her wide sympathies, for her power of gleaning the best from many spheres of interest, and for the recollections she had stored up of so many men and women who had lent significance to her generation. A patriotic Irishwoman, whose feelings had been wrung by as well as for her native country, she was totally unaffected by rancour, and her friendships on both sides of St. George's Channel were too deeply grounded to be shaken by any kind of public vicissitude. She knew the history of her times—and those who had forged it—more intimately than most, and it was a mind rich in knowledge and observation that overflowed in the social converse that she so deeply enjoyed."

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A Positive Squire

COME TO THINK OF IT. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Arthur Colton

MR. CHESTERTON'S feeling about Macaulay and about Dean Inge is the respect of a positive man for positive men crossed by the displeasure one naturally has for biases at positive angles with one's own. But we have read him now for so many years that we can draw back and look at him distantly enough to see that he is in line with a tradition of English character and English letters to which Macaulay, and to some extent Dean Inge, do also contribute and belong. For the matrix of the type one thinks of a country squire treading flat-footed his ancestral acres; a portly man probably, with a loud voice and stout legs, sensible and not sensitive, honorable and something of a crank, outspoken, domineering, prejudiced, and notable for the possession of idiomatic and effective speech; a sort of blend of Squire Western and Sir Roger De Coverley. Ben Jonson, John Selden, John Dryden, Samuel Johnson, Cobbett, Borrow, Macaulay—through all their contesting politics and contradicting points of view, one seems to hear the well-lunged voice of the squire, to be aware of his solid legged security in whatever opinion he entertains. His epitaph, if written by his neighbors with Spoon River candor, might run as follows: "An Odd Stick and a very Decent Sort—He was Loaded with Prejudice and Labeled it all Reason—Dense to Objection He was never Dull in Reply—An Honest Man, Courageous, Contentious, and No Fool—We who Quarreled with Him shall Miss Him."

When positive squire differs with positive squire, there is no doubt about it; they differ. It would be a pleasant fancy to imagine Dean Inge holding that office in St. John the Divine instead of St. Paul's, and what might happen there to one so candid and independent. It were good, too, to harken what dry or grim comment he might make on the essay here "On Ingeland," where a recognition of his good points is contrasted with "his really rabid and ridiculous prejudices—there is no interval between the things he understands excellently and the things he refuses to understand at all." He, the dean, is, in fact, exactly like a chess board, all squarely black or squarely white. Another speculation full of happy thoughts would be the way Macaulay would "rip up the back" of the author of the essay "On the Innocence of Macaulay," or stamp on the assertion that the Revolution of 1688 was made by "cynical Whig aristocrats," who "merely betrayed and deserted their king for their own glory, or more often for their own gain."

Speaking of "The New Poetry," Mr. Chesterton marks his divergence in fundamentals from Macaulay in this: that Macaulay believed in a progress which never stops; "What was its goal yesterday will be its starting point tomorrow"; whereas Mr. Chesterton has achieved a theory of novelty quite different and as follows:

> Current culture is always talking our heads off about psychology, and then it entirely leaves out the most elementary facts about psychology [How curiously alike are the Macaulayan and the Chestertonian manner!] such as the fact of fatigue. . . . If a man is made to walk twenty miles between two stone walls engraved on each side with endless repetitions of the Elgin marbles, it is not unlikely that by the end of his walk he will be a little weary of that classical style of ornament. But that is because the man is tired, not because the style is tiresome. . . . It is necessary to have novelty, but novelty is not necessarily improvement. It does not give the man for whom the old things are stale the right to scorn the man for whom the old things are fresh. And there are always men for whom old things are fresh. Such men, far from being behind the times, are altogether above the times. They are too individual and original to be affected by the trivial changes of time.

The novelties of these cycles are largely old things refreshed by lying fallow.

The doctrine of fatigue is not a novelty either, but it is freshened by vigorous statement. It ought to be joined with a theory of disillusion: every era of novel ideas opens with promises that it is unable to keep; one is not only tired but disappointed. And the theory does not apply only to literary history and its cycles. It applies as well to social and religious history. It applies even to the social and religious outlook of Mr. Chesterton. People at one time get fatigued with feudal barons, foreign popes, and undomestic monks; hence absolutism, Protestantism, national churches, and subsidiary sects; until, fatigued with absolute or would be absolute kings, divine rights and other compulsory rituals, they betake themselves to Puritans and Protectors. Out of fatigue with these comes a Restoration, and gaiety is the vogue; until fatigue with the whole Stuart dynasty, added to an older but still unrefreshed fatigue with something they call "popery" introduces the long chapter of Hanoverians, Whigs, Age of Reason, fox-hunting clergy, laissez faire, political economy, commercial empire, free trade, mechanism, industrialism, ten pound franchise, a proletariat, and a church that does not know "where it is at," science groping after certainty and religion fading into doubt. The chapter is unusually long, and signs of fatigue have been evident for several generations.

Well, then why do not anti-Protestantism, anti-industrialism, anti-liberalism and all the argumentative convictions of their advocates, come under the same theory? Men to whom "the old things are fresh," who are not behind the times but above them, "too individual and original to be affected by the trivial changes of time"—such men may just as well be those to whom the old liberalism, the old faith in social progress and the march of knowledge, is fresh;

Photograph by Berenice Abbott

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

(Miss Millay is shown wearing a necklace presented to her by the late Elinor Wylie to whom "Fatal Interview" is dedicated.)

just as well as those to whom the old church with all its visions and dogmas has remained, or has become again, a vivid reality. The theory of fatigue is sound, but it is not partisan. That the ideas of Bentham and Mill are stale to Mr. Chesterton, "does not give him the right to scorn those to whom these old things are fresh," even if they are not yet old enough to be novel. Staleness for staleness, what age ever expressed more vigorously than the Rennaisance its sense of utter staleness with the old, of utter joy in the new? For twenty miles of Greek gods in marble, read a hundred and twenty miles of saints on panel, plaster, and canvas; or ten miles of statistical Whigs in bronze effigy. It may be that humanity can stand more miles of scholastic theology than of political economy; and its eventual dislike may be only the more profound. Is it too much to ask of man to prove his faith in his formula by applying it to his own state of mind? I suspect it is. We are too "human, all too human," to see our own opinion, as well as other men's, conditioned by time and tide, especially tide.

In discussing a recent English book of reminiscences by Mr. Kinsey Peile, actora nd playwright, *John O' London's Weekly* tells how when Mr. Peile was visiting Rudyard Kipling he discovered "a large deal table, which had evidently been most carefully planed down to ensure a very smooth surface. On this surface I saw numerous scraps of writing, notes and scribbles in pencil—the entire surface was almost covered. I concluded that Mr. Rudyard Kipling used this table as his writing block, and I presume that when it was covered entirely with his writing it was planed down again for further use."

The Reascending Sonnet

FATAL INTERVIEW. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $2.00.

Reviewed by O. W. Firkins

WHEN one finishes Miss Millay's volume, it is hard to believe that the frame or casing of this rare experience has been an ordinary book, in familiar type, on conventional paper. For this is a work that obliterates types, printing, publishers, reviewers, abolishes even writing and reading, and conveys us into a world of primalities and finalities, a world in which the fountains of the great deep of human possibility are broken up, and the windows of heaven—or some contrasting, equally unearthly spot—are opened up.

Yet the keel that steers into this unknown sea is of an old and simple make. The volume contains fifty-two sonnets. The type is Shakespearian and unexacting. There is no tale, no sequence; but the sonnets all deal with love, and refer to one woman and one passion. The passion is vehement and insurgent, whether it exults or despairs, or—still more characteristically—exults in despair. The unique thing in the psychology is the ascendency of resolve.

* * *

The word "greatness" should be cautiously and rarely used, but the time comes when even Durindal must be unsheathed. I think that time has come. Greatness is present in these sonnets. It is there as *presence* even more distinctly than it is there as agency. It is the voice rather than the speech that uplifts and subdues us.

> Il vous a parlé, grand'mère,
> Il vous a parlé.

The sonnets, taken singly, are admirably made, but the power is more strongly felt in a smaller or in a larger unit than in the fourteen lines. Nevertheless, the reader must not be mulcted of his quotation:

> My worship from this hour the Sparrow-Drawn
> Alone will cherish, and her arrowy child,
> Whose groves alone in the inquiring dawn
> Rise tranquil, and their altars undefiled.
> Seaward and shoreward smokes a plundered land
> To guard whose portals was my dear employ;
> Razed are its temples now; inviolate stand
> Only the slopes of Venus and her boy.
> How have I stripped me of immortal aid
> Save theirs alone,—who could endure to see
> Forsworn Æneas with conspiring blade
> Sever the ship from shore (alas for me)
> And make no sign; who saw, and did not speak,
> The brooch of Troilus pinned upon the Greek.

Some shorter things are worth transcribing. In the lovely line, "Moon that against the lintel of the West," slenderness and tenderness are equally characteristic of the sounds in "lintel" and of the image in "moon." Or take "When rainy evening drips to misty night"; or, for a line hardly surpassable in the Shakespearian cluster, "Whom earthen you, by deathless lips adored"; or

> What time the watcher in desire and fear
> Leans from his chilly window in the dawn;

Or, for sheer heartbreak:

> I had not so come running at the call
> Of one who loves me little, if at all.

Miss Millay can use classic imagery with the measured spontaneity of Landor, and she can use rustic, low-life, American imagery with the native touch of the authors of "Raggedy Man" and "Barefoot Boy." Never before perhaps has the sonnet profited by the convergence of these two accomplishments.

* * *

There is one last thing to be said. Poetry conducts us to new lands. But travel is one thing; migration is another. Great poets lead us to undreamt-of shores; but the greatest of poets lead us to lands where we can found a hearth and rear a dwelling. There is no evidence that the view of things which somewhat obscurely underlies these poems is a view that is finally favorable to rational, reverent, and wholesome life. One suspects Miss Millay of "wasting Christian kisses on a heathen idol's foot" in the dusk of her half-lighted sanctuary. It is part of her supreme poetic tact that she has kept the idol's foot in the fringe of the temporizing shadow. Worshipers of other faiths are free to enter that temple and to rejoice their eyes in the solemnity and suggestiveness of the pile.

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The Unlikely Lovers

THE TWO CARLYLES. By Osbert Burdett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by Charles Frederick Harrold

"CALVINIST by inheritance, peasant by blood, inarticulate by some inhibition, Carlyle was a man for whom the life within had become damped down to the point at which it must collapse and surrender, or else, in such a nature, defy." Such, says Mr. Burdett, was Thomas Carlyle between 1821 and 1826, when he was grimly making his terms with the skepticism, the turmoil, and the "soul-murdering Mud-gods" of his epoch, and, as an unlikely lover, was courting the witty, ironic, black-eyed Jane Welsh. He was to defy to the last. Something was to cripple the inner life of Carlyle and make his long career one of spiritual defiance rather then of integrated moral power. Mr. Burdett, seeking to understand the natures of the two Carlyles rather than to reiterate the opinions of either Froude or his detractors, finds the implicit tragedy of their marriage to lie in the fact that in neither nature were the discords ever to be resolved. They were to extend beyond the brilliant argumentative letters of courtship, beyond the final desperate years at Craigenputtock, on through the famous and unhappy years at No. 5 Cheyne Row.

It was not the disharmony of the relationship which Mr. Burdett regards as memorable, for that was to be expected of a couple with a "mutual ability to confuse each other," since "there was genius in both"; it was rather that the disharmony was to last so long. Carlyle's spirit was never to know that jubilant calm which comes to the man who perfectly fulfils his purpose, finding attainment both in the moment's labor and in the ultimate accomplishment. He was to the end "a strange cross between two temperaments and two traditions, in which the shepherd used his crook for a pencil, and the scholar used his pen like a spade." In matters of the heart it was inevitable that Jane Welsh, in whom the author discovers a curious potential "resemblance to Madame de Sevigné," should at first regard the brilliant awkward peasant as an ironic substitute for Saint Preux, whom she loved, rather languidly, in the pages of Rousseau's "La Nouvelle Héloïse." With clay in his blood, Calvinism in his head, and dyspepsia in his stomach, he was to pay the penalty for "deliberately shutting his eyes to the truth of Chesterfield's maxim: before all else, remember the graces." Harmony, either for the heart or for the head, was to be denied him. It had already failed him when, on that journey from Templand to Comley Bank, he had his new wife at his side and Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" in his hand. He was destined to understand neither of his companions very well.

* * *

It may be significant that before he was six, Carlyle had been badly frightened by fire, had seen his uncle "ghastly in death," had proved his susceptibility to violent emotion, and had absorbed the "atmosphere of Fear" by which his father both attracted and repelled his children. Later, as a young man, under the influence of Gibbon and dyspepsia, he had seen his spiritual and physical health ebb away. Then, for five years, while he struggled with hack work, with ill health, and with the uncertainty of his future, he sought with alternate hope and quiet despair to find the promise of marital love in letters so arch, so "sprinkled with satire," so laughing with comedy, and so masculine in their overtones, that he wondered "that a woman could be so much concerned about a man whom she did not intend to marry." It is in the interpretation of these troublous and pregnant years that Mr. Burdett displays a remarkable insight. Admitting that "Carlyle could have done without Jane, and that Jane, if her circle had been wider, might have turned to some one else," he shows that there was a substantial fund of affection and character upon which to base hopes for their future. On the other hand, he points out that until late in the courtship she was more interested in the future of Carlyle's genius than in becoming his wife. In the union that did occur, then, "parts of this pair were incompatible, while the word love implied a unity still lacking." Both in their temperaments and in their backgrounds there was "a disguised sense of misalliance." The Carlyles at this period "were one generation behind"; and Carlyle himself had become "a man of typically bachelor tastes and habits, yet . . . brooding on a wife as if his housekeeper must necessarily be married to him."

On the other and more controversial questions of their union, the author shows an admirable combination of detachment and sympathy. He thinks it probable that Jane was at one time, as she herself declared, "passionately" in love with Edward Irving; he balances the joys and the despairs of the Craigenputtock period to indicate that the loneliness and hard work which fell to her lot would in themselves have been easily borne if she had not been "a disappointed mother as well." He suggests that their childlessness was due probably to barrenness in Jane rather than to impotence in her husband. He shows, with the quiet weight of careful and restrained interpretation, how during the first years in London it became clear to both of them "that he was to remain tormented to the last," and that her "hopes of motherhood were to be disappointed permanently."

* * *

As Carlyle retired more and more into himself, eating alone, working alone, sleeping alone, Mrs. Carlyle chafed under the Victorian notion that "the duty of young women was to be unoccupied; and the duty of young wives was to be obsequious; that ability . . . in women were defects to be hid; that to listen was more becoming than to talk. . . ." Her chief mode of self-expression was letter-writing; "a day to her was wasted in which she had written to nobody"; in a sense peculiarly her own, "she became a woman of 'letters.'" That she resented Carlyle's readiness to bask in the pleasure of Lady Ashburton is another difficult subject on which Mr. Burdett shows both candor and intelligence. "Carlyle was happier than he deserved to be when his wife's heart was comparatively empty, and that she was not the source of his new happiness explains the jealousy that Jane, always possessive, was too fond of her husband not to feel." On the whole, their life together was the exasperating combination of success and failure which most marriages are. Throughout, and beyond, the fourteen years of what they both called "the Nightmare of Frederick," each sought an inner equilibrium and an outer harmony which eluded them to the end. "Being a man, he complained of the universe. She, being a woman, complained of him." It was natural that "the affection which united them without solving their problems . . . embittered her while she lived and her husband when he had lost her."

Most readers will no doubt be thankful that the absorbing story of the Carlyles has fallen into such skilful hands as those of Mr. Burdett; he has resisted the temptation of caricature, of sentimentality, of melodrama. In their place we have the most sensitive, balanced, and human treatment which the delicate and formidable subject of Carlyle's married life has so far been accorded. Without attempting a biography, endeavoring only to portray the inner lives of the Carlyles, he has dealt but briefly with Carlyle's work and reputation. Yet, if the early German period of Carlyle's intellectual life receives inadequate interpretation, there are penetrating passages on Carlyle's method in "The French Revolution," on the origin and nature of his style, on the little-known weaknesses of "Cromwell," on "Frederick the Great" as revealing how "Force had always attracted Carlyle's weakness," and how, in his "vast popular success," he "did not overcome the world but was corroded by it." The final chapter is devoted to "Carlyle and his Executor," to answering an earlier question, raised in Chapter VI, "What is the use of meeting one exaggeration by another, of Mr. Wilson being nearly as 'reckless' as 'Mr. Froude?'" One thing becomes clear: that Froude, who "alone of these biographers seems to have been equally attached to *both* the Carlyles" has written the book most nearly indispensable to an understanding of their lives. Mr. Burdett's own book, however, will be regarded as ranking close to Froude's. For, like Froude's memorable biography, it leaves us with the consciousness that "these two beings, who charged each other's lives with so much electricity, were equally rich in friends; and, even at this distance of time, they tempt us, for all their angularities, to enroll ourselves in the charmed company which was drawn to the far cottage at Craigenputtock, or gladly invaded the cozy, curious household which, when all is said, managed to survive, there and in Cheyne Row, for forty chequered years."

Edward Arnold & Company in London have now issued in a collected volume all the famous "Ghost Stories" of Dr. M. R. James contained in his former books.

Ironic Melancholy

THE ORCHID. By Robert Nathan. New York: Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

MR. ROBERT NATHAN, as has been said before, is unique; and it is almost impossible to give an idea of the quality of his books to the unfortunate people who have read none of them. To say of "The Orchid" that it is the story of a number of people who are stirred by the coming of spring to the city to some restless wish, and they all either get their wishes or something they recognize as better, and to add that the solution of every problem is found as a result of a spring party on a carrousel—all this makes it sound like the worst passages of "Pollyanna" or "The Wishing-Ring Man." Yet that is what "The Orchid" is, and it is a wise, tender, and humorous book. It contains a popular actress who is growing tired of the stage and is tempted to accept the protection of a wealthy manufacturer; the manufacturer's wife, whose position involves her in so many women's movements that her husband thinks her hard and efficient, but who wishes only to depend on him; and the proprietor of the carrousel, who wishes to be an operatic tenor.

* * *

What is the secret that makes this book so different from others? Essentially it is incommunicable, but one can explain parts of it. There is the delicate, pervasive satire, which seems to come, not from savage indignation like most satire, but from a mind so just that it necessarily sees the ridiculous for what it is. For a single example, listen to the owner of the carrousel:

> When I see the improvements all around me, I am ashamed for my carrousel. One hundred children visit it in an afternoon, and because of me they still believe in the lion, the camel, and the giraffe. . . . I will take out these lions and tigers, I will subtract these animals, and in their places I will put automobiles and flying machines and steam engines. That will be an education for the children, it will be modern, it will be of today.

One could name half a dozen books telling what is wrong with America that do not say so much as that.

There is also a gentle melancholy running through the book, in spite of, or rather because of, the humor; for everything that makes the vulgar laugh cannot but make the judicious grieve. At the beginning of the book, Mr. Nathan sets the key of "his dry regret about the race of men," when he describes the coming of spring, the children in the park, and says:

> It would be a mistake to imagine that these children are happier or more friendly than their elders. It is only because, like the birds, their shouts are so piercing, that one does not hear the groans, the sobs, and the outbursts of despair to which their own brutality causes them to give way from time to time. Fortunately, their anguish does not last; soon they are making plans again as though there were no such thing as sorrow in the world.

It is not of children only that Mr. Nathan wrote those words; whether his characters get their wishes or not, he regards them all in the same way.

But though the human race is so ridiculous and disappointing, there is no need to despair. There is an underlying philosophy of endurance, for the sake of mere self-respect, voiced by one of the characters, Professor Pembauer. He is the "point of reference" that some critics find in each of Shakespeare's plays; he is a poor piano-teacher, and he wishes nothing except that the actress should continue to serve art. He may be known by his advice to his pupils:

> You must learn to control yourself, you must have a little repose. If you have emotions, you should do something else with them, not play the piano.

And

> He wished his music to be thoughtful, and clear, and not too full of pity for himself or for others. One must have faith, he liked to say, if one is to be an artist. But he did not know how to explain what he meant by faith.

Professor Pembauer, with his fragmentary philosophy of courage and common sense and the great importance of art, is a valuable acquaintance. So indeed is "The Orchid" as a whole. It is one of the very few books that are both ironic and melancholy, both melancholy and dignified.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

ALFONSO XIII, I learn from an item in the New York *Times*, is "an ardent philatelist," but there is one stamp in my own meagre collection which I doubt whether he possesses. It is one of the earliest stamps issued by the Catalan Republic, in 1919, when the formation of the League of Nations encouraged Catalonian liberals to believe that their time was coming. It shows a flag of red and yellow stripes, with a dark blue triangular insertion at one end bearing one white star. The flag bears the words CATALUNYA LLIURE. It was given to me four years ago by a Catalan enthusiast, who cautioned me against being found by Spanish gendarmes with it in my possession. It has reposed snugly in my wallet ever since, and has occasionally given me a chance to play prophet when Spanish politics entered the conversation.

* * *

Charles J. Finger, in *Adventure Under Sapphire Skies*, mentions some literary associations in Texas which interest us. Near San Angelo he came upon Water Valley, of which he writes:—

> Few Texans seem to know of its claim to fame, which is this. There, years ago, Morley Roberts, who has sailed since to a safe harbour among the great in literature, herded sheep. About the same time that prince of adventurers and author for authors, Robert Bonterre Cunninghame-Graham, played cowboy and drove cattle over the same ground, Water Valley being one of his resting places. Once I met the sheep man who had employed Morley Roberts. Of Roberts' writings he knew nothing, but as a sheep-herder he held Roberts in poor esteem. But who that knows would weigh shepherding against the writing of *The Private Life of Henry Maitland?* And how wholly uninteresting and unattractive must have been the herd of sheep to the man who was planning, perhaps, *The Western Avernus.* As for Graham, who, seeing him in West Texas, a dashing rider, would have suspected the writer of books holding so many passages of dazzling beauty?

The Western Avernus, a book heartily worth reading, was put back into print—in Everyman's Library, I think—not long ago; but why has *Henry Maitland* remained off the counters so long?

* * *

Texas, if I can judge by the chart the Business Manager of The Saturday Review lets me see occasionally, stands higher in the scale of book-curiosity than is generally supposed. Louisiana, for example, is thought of as a more "literary" State than Texas, but Texas has four times as many subscribers to this Review. Texas has twice as many as Kansas, and more than either Missouri or Iowa. It has as many as Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico all added together.

Certainly I do not deduce any premature sociologies from the circulation chart of *The Saturday Review*, but it always interests me. California is the great pride of the Business Manager: California has as many subscribers as the whole of New England. It has more than New York State outside of New York City; it has more than Pennsylvania. There are curious anomalies in the figures. It seems to me odd that Ohio is four times as Saturday Reviewish as Indiana; Illinois subscribers are almost as many as those of Ohio and Indiana together. In a year of depression, when less subscription-campaigning than usual was being done, the States that made the largest subscription-gains, just on momentum, were Nevada and Minnesota. Michigan has now got ahead of Connecticut in number of subscribers. The order of precedence by States runs as follows:—

1. New York
2. California
3. Pennsylvania
4. Massachusetts
5. Illinois
6. Ohio
7. New Jersey
8. Michigan
9. Connecticut
10. Minnesota
11. Wisconsin
12. Texas

Missouri and Iowa are only a few behind, but Iowa seems to be overhauling her neighbor. Maryland has now got ahead of the District of Columbia, but D. C. still has more subscribers than the whole of Virginia, or than any of the South Atlantic States. Arizona, Mississippi and Vermont used to tie all three, but Arizona now leads the other two. But the closest rivalry is between Missouri and Iowa. The Business Manager, much excited about this, is eager to appoint rival committees in these two sovereign States and halloo them against each other. Another very close pair are Rhode Island and Alabama. Alabama has pulled ahead by just one subscriber. Perhaps that is due to Alabama being the native State of the Business Manager. I do not often study his map, but it is always instructive.

* * *

We should be unworth the name of American (we remarked to our kind postmistress in a Long Island village) did we not occasionally question the rubrics of bureaucracy. Accordingly when a large parcel arrived from London, marked outwardly *Catalogue Only, Not Dutiable*, but an impost of 75 cents requested therefor by the Customs Bureau of the New York Post Office, we felt like protest. We could see that the catalogue was from Maggs Brothers, famous London booksellers; we could guess by its size that it was something unusual; but we receive a great many catalogues and before paying a tax we should have liked to have one glance at the thing to determine whether we wanted it. That is not allowed, however.

We acted with unusual energy for one marked by dilatory indecisions. We wrote an appeal to the Collector, pointing out that we receive annually some thousands of unsolicited booksellers' catalogues; that we have never before been asked to pay duty on them; that they are not conceivably salable. The Collector's reply was "Catalogues are subject to duty. Value $5 @ 15% duty, 75c."

We paid 75 cents, but we could not help wondering how and why the Customs Bureau assessed that catalogue at $5. The parcel had not been opened; there was no price marked anywhere on it. And we learned from a friend in New York that he also had received a copy; in his case the duty was only 30 cents. There is an enigma somewhere in this wood-pile.—Perhaps the Collector saw the number 500 on the back of the catalogue and thought it meant $5.00.

* * *

Having paid duty on this sumptuous (but quite unsalable) work, it is our obvious necessity to make copy out of it. It is Messrs. Maggs's 500th catalogue ("Books, Manuscripts, Engravings and Autograph Letters") but another oddity is that it is dated 1928. Has it been hanging around for three years in the Appraiser's laboratory? We haven't had a chance to examine it carefully, but the first item we noticed was one which would be of great interest to an aeronautical collector. It is Joseph Galien's *L'Art de Naviger dans les Airs*, second edition, Avignon 1757. The cataloguer says of it: "One of the rarest books referring to the early history of Aeronautics. The author makes a proposal to fill large cloth balloons with rarefied air of the high regions, gathered on mountain-tops. Galien imagined a veritable Noah's Ark floating in the air, capable of transporting an entire army to the middle of Africa."

There is something very pleasant in that idea of collecting and bottling the lighter air of mountain-summits; it is precisely what some authors try to do in the physics of thought.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Mainspring Breaks

THREE PAIRS OF SILK STOCKINGS. By PANTELEIMON ROMANOF. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE title under which Romanof's novel is published in this country rather conceals its real weight and flavor. There is, to be sure, a sex intrigue running through the whole narrative, its tragedy summed up in the remark of the cynical foreigner that to possess any woman in Russia today, it's only necessary to give her three pairs of silk stockings, "adding a bottle of perfume in certain cases."

But the unique circumstances, both in Soviet Russia and in the relations of the rest of the world with it, subject novels to special measurements. "Pure" feeling, subjective literature, is less interesting, things being as they are, than something which helps to interpret the riddles of the Revolution and to make the reader live into some of its realities.

Looked at from this point of view, Romanof's novel is possibly the most important that has recently come out of Russia. Certainly none is more interesting. It is simply written, without tricks or modernistic affectations; crisp and exciting, and holds its story taut to the end. And its special significance lies in the thoroughgoing, at once detached yet understanding, fashion in which it presents not only the surface facts but the underlying, antagonistic philosophies of the old individualistic and the new collective cultures.

Romanof is said to be of peasant origin, and to have had a secondary education and been thirty-three years old when the earthquake came. Evidently he is now either a Communist or one of those tolerated by the party. He has lived, therefore, in both worlds. So fairly does he present both sides that you can only guess at his own political convictions. His principal character, the target of most of the story's intimate and sardonic analysis, is, however, a former "bourgeois"; an engineer, one Kisliakof, who "crosses over" and contrives not only to make himself accepted by the Communists but to convince himself that his shifts are due, not to mere eagerness to save his own skin, but to a real change in convictions.

This crossing resembles in its difficulties, dangers, and emotional pitfalls, those which occasionally take place in our own part of the world when individuals with a touch of Negro blood feel that the time has arrived when they can "go white"—so desperate is the chasm separating "Them" from "Us" in Soviet Russia. Presumably it could be made honestly by one undergoing a literal conversion, one who genuinely "got religion." In Kisliakof's case, at any rate, it is made possible by a progressive rotting away of everything he formerly lived by, even loyalty and honor. He becomes the opportunist, *par excellence;* sniffing, with the most delicate accuracy, his tortuous trail, rationalizing each new surrender as successfully as he trims his material sails to each new wind.

Although the author doesn't say so in so many words, he implies that any honest acceptance of the new by the representatives of the old order is all but out of the question. The former intelligentsia, in common with the West, "put freedom of thought and enlargement of the rights of personality, first," as Kisliakof once remarks. It was humanitarian, believed intensely in justice for all men, regardless of class, and when that culture died—as it has died in Russia, so far as the Bolsheviks are concerned—those who based their lives on it, "could no longer live and work in any real way." A man's mainspring breaks. He becomes quite empty. "We are ceasing to believe in the importance and even in the existence of ourselves as units," as Kisliakof's friend, the tortured Arkady once puts it, "because everything around us exists in mass form and has no inner substance whatsoever."

And against those of this way of belief, are set men of the new order, like Poluhkin, to whom everything that has gone before merely prepared for, or rather only delayed, the Revolution; to whom the individual is negligible except in so far as he serves the mass; whose only justice is that which serves their class and weakens the "enemy"; who scrap religion, beauty, all the old-fashioned idealisms and friendly loyalties, and yet in their vision of an equaliterian Utopia find what they need to live by; the source of hope and strength.

The clash between these two philosophies takes place against a human background set forth with painstaking realism and delightful humor. You would need to have lived in Russia since the Revolution to understand just how good Romanof's picture of present-day Moscow apartment-house life is —the crowding and squalor; the human menageries, packed into the same corridor or even the same room, squabbling over the common bathroom and kitchen; the lack of any decent privacy, even to quarrel in; the dogs (the author is a specialist here, and makes almost a sort of sub-plot of his amusing canine chorus); the pestiferous youngsters, organizing themselves as a Budenny Detachment, fiercely class-conscious, and making life miserable for anybody they dislike or disagree with—the whole incredible serio-comic nightmare, which must be seen really to be believed in.

Suppose, one of the characters in the novel suggests, this should all turn out, one day, to be but an episode in human history—not a new world, but a momentary straying from the old, real one? The luxury of such speculation is scarcely possible for men like Kisliakof, who see themselves and all their class gradually but surely shut away from all privileges, even the chance to work. Alive, still breathing, one must live—or so it usually seems. How one does live, in such cases, is the story Romanof tells here, with venom, certainly, but with truth and humor.

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Books of Special Interest

Alaskan Bears

WILD GRIZZLIES OF ALASKA. By JOHN M. HOLZWORTH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

FOR twenty-five years and more we have been awaiting the arrival of a worthwhile book on the big brown and grizzly bears of Alaska. At last it has arrived, by the strong right arm and battery of cameras of Mr. John M. Holzworth. It portrays the high adventures of a big he-man in a big and rough country, in quest of sociability with the biggest carnivorous animals of this world. Take them pound for pound, and those Alaskan bears completely outclass the lions and tigers of the old world.

We rejoice in the fact that an American has thus explored for, and exploited in this fine volume, the all-too-little known bear monsters of Alaska. We rejoice exceedingly that Mr. Holzworth went out on three very savage trips, not to shoot up a lot of bears, but to photograph them, at all sorts of hair-raising close-up ranges. We rejoice that this man has brought back an arm load of ocular proofs, which nobody can deny, of the mentality, temperaments, and moral characters of about 150 big grizzly and brown bears!

For the past fifteen years, and right down to the hour of the appearance of this book, many persons in Alaska had portrayed the colossal Alaskan brown bear as a very savage and dangerous citizen, ready to attack unprovoked and maim or kill innocent travelers. The stories told were backed up by actual records of men attacked, and either terribly mauled, or killed. The big brown bear has strange habits in self defense. It seems that he does not strike to tear the hunter's face to pieces, or to crush his skull, but he bowls over his man, then leisurely bites him without tearing him limb from limb; and usually he goes off and leaves his victim unkilled, and with few bones broken, but terribly bitten. Inasmuch as no blood poisoning ensues from bear bites, the victim usually is found, and makes a slow and painful recovery.

On the strength of the evil reputation thus created, strong demands have quite recently been made in Alaska for the virtual extermination of those big brown and grizzly bears.

An alleged need of protection for the growers of sheep and cattle has been brought into the discussion, but there is too little stock breeding in Alaska to make it a factor. Now, into this controversy—for the zoölogists of the States flatly decline to accede to any bear extermination proposals—, Mr. Holzworth flings this stately and handsome volume, "The Wild Grizzlies of Alaska," with a mile or two of motion picture films, made at close ranges. Some of those pictures were made at an open-air and level-ground distance of from ten to thirty feet—usually with the bear in the case standing up and looking at the operator—, and only two bears made any demonstration that even resembled hostility, or a "charge"! Honestly, we would not believe all of these hair-raising stories of close-ups-without-accidents, were it not for the pictures.

The overland trip through Chichiloon Pass, after cariboo, sheep, and incidental bears was a savage and desperate undertaking. It shows the seamy side of Alaska at its worst. Why, we ask, do sportsmen ever do and go through such awful experiences as those? Out of the twelve pack horses taken along, eight perished! And the game secured was not, in our view, worth the candle.

With commendable zeal for the scientific side of the Alaskan diversions, the author sets forth the whole of the latest determinations and classifications of the terribly numerous and bewildering species and subspecies of Alaskan brown and grizzly bears. It is no surprise to the reader that the Ulysses of all this comes out with a fine, dark-colored Alaskan grizzly subspecies duly named in honor of its unterrified discoverer and collector; and it is to us a joy to know that it has been bestowed upon and within the admirable National Collection of Heads and Horns, at New York's Zoölogical Park.

We heartily commend this book and its pictures, and Mr. Holzworth to the reader and his allies. After a long run of nauseating news of the doings of peoples in India, China, and Russia, this breezy book about the clean, wholesome, and well behaved big bears of Alaska is good to take the bad taste of that foreign news out of one's mouth. As a first-hand contribution to the psychology of the most wonderful bears of the world, this is a volume of permanent value.

A Chronicle of Intermarriage

A MARRIAGE TO INDIA. By FREDA HAUSWIRTH (Mrs. Sarangadhar Das). New York: The Vanguard Press. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by CORNELIA SORABYI

THIS is a book written by a Swiss girl who married an Indian while he and she were both students in California. Eventually, she comes to India, and the book tells both of her life as she wanders about the country waiting till her husband can get ready a home for her, and also finally of this home on a nascent sugar plantation upon the edge of a jungle in Orissa. It is evidently written with a twofold object: as Anti-British propaganda and as a warning against inter-racial marriages—a combination which in itself needs must intrigue anyone with knowledge of India. But it is worth reading from whatever angle it may be approached. The style is crisp and fresh and simple: delicious bits of scenery, and delicious silhouettes of servant or animal or secluded woman, leap out at one from its pages.

But when Mrs. Das talks of human or political relationships, or of the great institutions of caste and religion—the problems of India—what is it that comes between the author and realization? She can observe correctly when she likes; a dozen instances could be adduced to support this; but she either will not look long enough for a correct impression, or makes wild deductions.

A famous oculist in England said once to his patient, "You stammer with your eyes—if I may use that expression. You are afraid to use them. You look away just when a thing is getting into focus, and you therefore see nothing correctly." Something like this is observable in Mrs. Das's writing in the above named relationships. She has made up her mind before coming to India, about several matters vital to her happiness or her self-respect, and she is afraid to use her eyes lest she should be proved wrong. Or, she has a grievance, and she is afraid that she may be robbed of it.

Among her basic misconceptions may be included references to caste, to untouchables, to the dislike of Indians to taking life, to entry into Hindu temples. It is amazing that she never realized or would realize that the orthodox members of her husband's family could not eat with her, not because she was of another race, a "white woman," as she is fond of calling herself, but because religious rules forbade their eating with any out-of-caste person. His women relations probably refused equally to eat with her husband upon his return from America.

She confuses herself by continuing to call people Hindus or Brahmins after they have lost caste, and when they have joined the Theistic or Brahmo-Samaj communities. (Compare, e .g., her remarks on "a breakfast of ham and eggs in a *Hindu* house." It was a Brahmo or Theistic household, no taboo about food.) She confuses her readers also by the inability to see that the orthodox cease to regard a man as a Hindu when he has lost caste. He is then on a par with the alien, the Moslem, and the outcaste, so far as eating and praying—both religious acts—are concerned, even though he may have been born a Brahmin.

That is why it is wrong to force entry into Hindu temples (what would a Roman Catholic say if you forced a non-Christian celebrant upon him at Mass?) or to defile the Brahmin's water, or resent his inability to dine with you.

Politically, Mrs. Das recounts the old, well-known list of charges against the British and puts down to the British every fault found whether in servant or friend. Even the filthy conditions of life, which will be news to most visitors to India, are due to an "inferiority complex" induced by the British. Yet when she comes to keep house, she writes despairingly of the Indian material upon which she has to work, and discovers a "lack of adaptability and coördination" which even her superior ability cannot cure. An understanding heart would have perceived that running a country is very much like running a house. The British have the same difficulties with insufficient funds, poor material, etc., which hampered her own dreams in the jungle. . . .

Finally, one hopes that it may be possible without giving offense to protest against the perpetual use in these modern times, both in the spoken and written word, of phrases like "white" man or woman. This is particularly noticeable in a book written by one who has claimed the closest possible union with the East, and yet is continually harping on the one *difference* between herself and the East. In culture, comradeship, interests, in the sense of honor, in things of the spirit, she was one with her husband. What a very little thing in comparison was sunburn, the purely physical action of too much light on the skin.

I could wish that Mrs. Das would some day rewrite this book, just as a travel book, leaving out all problems and strictures; for she has, when she cares to use it, a truly descriptive pen.

A New Experiment

U. S. A. WITH MUSIC. New York: Carrefour Editions. 1931. $2.50.

WERTHER'S YOUNGER BROTHER. The same.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THESE two books are the first publications of a new press which plans to print only anonymous works, and to issue them in a form which can fairly be called de luxe, at a price no higher than that of the ordinary novel. The publishers evidently hope, to quote from an advertising slip enclosed with the books, to "encourage non-commercial work without encouraging obscurity"—wilful obscurity of expression, that is. Of these two aims, the former is only partly successful; the format is handsome but hardly practical. The books have a fine quality of paper and print, but these are obtained at the cost of white paper bindings, such as Paris has always accepted, and New York no less universally rejected.

"U. S. A. with Music" is tragedy in the manner of a musical comedy, like the play "Processional" produced by the Theatre Guild in New York six or seven years ago. The author wishes to display our national flippancy, our artificial, conscientious optimism, the hurry and blare of our lives, and above all, the publicity which nothing can escape and without which nothing can be accomplished. His hero, a Mr. Zero (it can be no more than a coincidence that that was also the name of the hero of "The Adding Machine") is haunted by the fact that after the riots in Herrin, a number of unidentified dead men were shovelled into a common grave; he feels that nothing will go right with the whole country until those dead are appeased. Since to accomplish anything in this country one must "sell the idea," Zero becomes a travelling salesman of burial for the Herrin dead, peddling his idealism wherever the eyes of the country are fixed—by a Kentucky cave where a man is trapped, at a National Party Convention, and so on; again and again he is on the point of succeeding, but the attention of the crowd is diverted by a fresh piece of news or a song and dance turn. His plan allows the author to bring in a number of *causes célèbres* of three or four years ago, now surprisingly dusty, and to satirize many other American institutions, and even this loose plan is not always followed; there are incidents whose connection it is impossible to trace, and many of the best ideas are not carried out; for instance, it was a fine conception to say that the true American hero is a super-salesman, and to make Zero a sort of Paul Bunyan or John Henry of salesmen, but it is hard to find any consistency in Zero's development. All in all, "U. S. A. with Music" might have been successful if it had been produced on the American stage ten years ago, when expressionism in the theatre was just coming into fashion; but it is difficult to find in it anything essential that was not in "Processional," and the general, tacit verdict on "Processional" seemed to be that it was an interesting experiment, but not one to be repeated. And at any time, "U. S. A. with Music" without the music, without the scenery and lights and action (of which its stage directions give a very inadequate idea) can have had little to offer readers.

"Werther's Younger Brother" is, as might be guessed, a stream-of-consciousness novel about an unhappy adolescent. It takes place entirely in the hero's mind; without the preface, which does not trust the body of the book to make its own effect, it is safe to say that nobody would have any sufficient idea of what actually happens. As a matter of fact, very little does. The preface goes so far as to say that here we have "'Hamlet' without Denmark," Hamlet soliloquizing, so far as at all possible, *in vacuo*. One simply cannot help recalling the classic phrase "'Hamlet' without the Prince," and one can hardly avoid the sound and obvious reflection that the one is as necessary as the other to the success of the play, that the consciousness must have something more than the vaguest of love affairs to work on. It is evident from the

(*Continued on page* 798)

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At last — Russia's Own Story of the Five Year Plan

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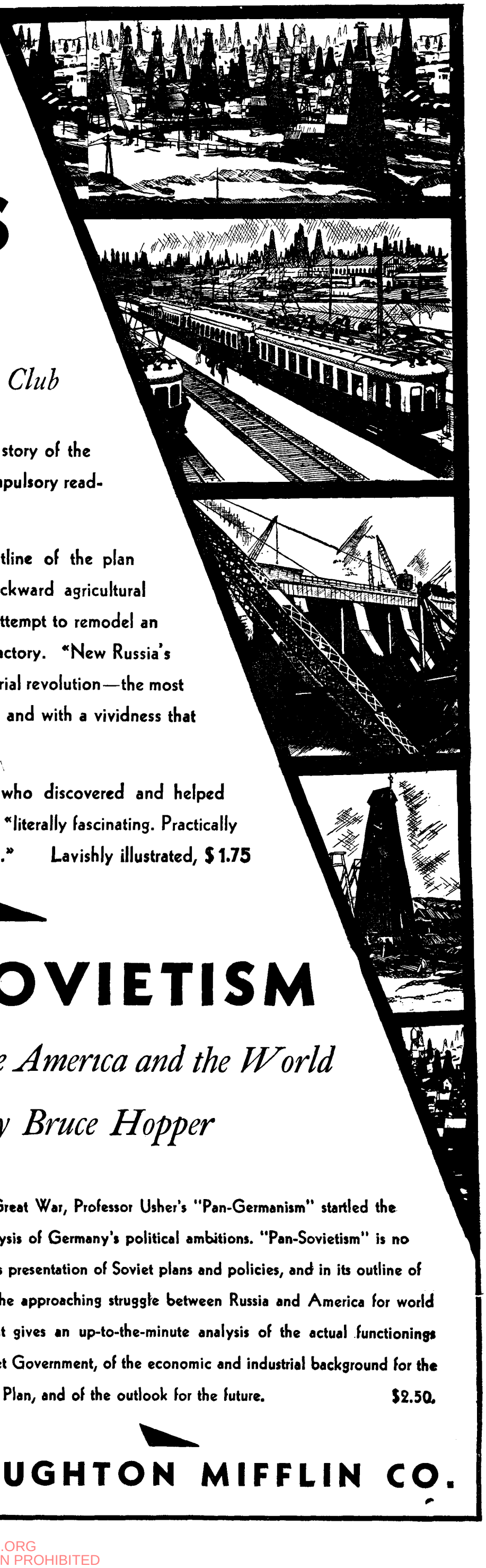

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The Issue before America and the World

by Bruce Hopper

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Books of Special Interest

(*Continued from page 796*)

author's preface that, as he is too little concerned with "Denmark," with the whole world exterior to the soul, so conversely he is too much concerned with "Hamlet," with literary prototypes. His elaborate parallels seem to indicate certainly that he has asked himself too often "What would Hamlet or Werther have done in 1930?" or even "How would Shakespeare or Goethe have written in 1930?" and too little "What would the character I conceive have done in the circumstances I put him in?"

The aims of the Carrefour Press must command everyone's sympathy, but in these two books they cannot be said to succeed. If these have avoided the extreme obscurity which disfigures certain highly original writers, they are themselves far from clear, and are both highly derivative. One may continue to watch the Carrefour publications with hope, but the first two volumes are a disappointment, exquisite but flimsy.

A Lively Life

VOLTAIRE. By C. E. VULLIAMY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN
University of Chicago

FROM this biography Voltaire emerges as a very active spider, whose web covered much of northern Europe. Scampering from the fogs of Greenwich to the pseudo-Versailles of Lunéville, from the versions contrived by the old Duchesse de Maine to those enacted for Frederick the Great, the agile spider darts, frequently bringing home a foolish enemy, over whose corpse he may ironically gloat. We see him prostrating the unhappy Maupertuis or the despicable Desfontaines. We find him never resting until Ferney finally became the center of the now majestic web; there he lay, much swollen (in reputation) by his unsavory meals, his prehensile weapons ever ready and turned outwards. He had nearly always been in exile, always souffrant, never submissive, a many-legged creature of infinite excursions, alarms, and retreats.

There is much that is plausible, if not exactly novel, about this portrait. The biographer declares from the outset his intention of dwelling rather on the personality than on the works of his subject. He maintains, debatably, that it was the personality that made Voltaire's fame then and afterwards. Before forty, he became noted as "singular, violent, and audacious." Ten years later he had deepened the impression among friends and enemies; and posterity still views him largely from the personal angle. Apparently people either accept the Houdon bust or balk at Musset's evocation of the sleeper with the "hideous smile."

A darting, deceitful, unstable creature, tossing off influences from the center of his "revolving egoism," capable of being the meanest of mankind, then turning to noble deeds—is this all that is left of Voltaire?

For the general public, yes. And fifty million moderns can't be wrong—except perhaps in their willingness to take the surface for the substance and in the steady horror of the Anglo-Saxon audience towards dealing with the continuity of ideas. Otherwise, would it be natural for Mr. Vulliamy to speak of Voltaire's as a "most unnatural philosophy," to neglect him altogether as a crude precursor of the "higher" Biblical criticism, and to ignore his positive social reforms? Are not a man's ideas an essential part of his *dossier*, even of his portrait? Many Frenchmen have thought so; but our biographer holds that this writer's "true meaning . . . is often obscured by a critical study of his writings" (!). As if the bee's true meaning were obscured by its honey and as if the wasp were complete without its sting! Of course, many of Voltaire's works are out of date, or else their substance has become absorbed; but not so many as Mr. Vulliamy thinks; two at least of the histories are still influential, and it is doubtful whether the tales will ever be generally forgotten. However, the present biographer must have forgotten them when he declared that Voltaire was "no artist."

But perhaps we are too severe. Viewing the book from its own standpoint, let us admit that as popular biography the sketch is pleasantly written and that as a whole it is fairly reliable. The style is usually good, with occasional dips into the vernacular. One feature is the translation, into quaint eighteenth century English, of a great many of Voltaire's interesting letters. Mr. Vulliamy has quoted mainly from the collected correspondence in the Moland edition, scarcely using the many thousand uncollected letters to be found elsewhere. His claim that "every recent source of information has been drawn upon" must be taken guardedly in the absence of even a short bibliography. Undigested are various recent studies bearing on Voltaire's Anglomania and his relations to English thinkers; some points about the Encyclopedists are also left rather vague. There are errors about the composition or publication of several works. But these may be considered minor inaccuracies as compared with the conclusion, where Voltaire is inadequately treated as regards his role and his influence.

Altogether, another smart rapid-fire biography, allowing few pauses for reflection. Mr. Vulliamy would probably argue that Voltaire himself hardly ever paused.

Chamber of Horrors

MURDER FOR LOVE. By IONE QUINBY. Covici, Friede. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEILA TAYLOR

IT is a ghoulish piece of work Ione Quinby has done in this novel. The book is a recounting in detail of seven more or less recent murder cases, wherein the killer has each time been a woman, and the case itself has become what we blithely call celebrated. Its title is something of a misnomer—an effort to give a romantic twist to the murderous doings of this sorry group, two of whom were perhaps goaded to their deed by the pangs of love; but the other five poisoned and hacked and shot their way to their ends goaded by nothing more romantic than a passion for money.

☙ ☙

From the ever-increasing stream of female murderers who have their little day in our headlines, Miss Quinby has singled out for her purposes Ruth Snyder, the Queens Village blonde who struck for freedom and $97,000 insurance money; Clara Smith Haman who shot the politician Jake Hamon, when he threatened to discard her as an impediment to his career; Belle Gunness whose "murder farm" netted her thousands in insurance money for every husband she caused to disappear; Tillie Klimek, the poisoner with the mind of a child; Catherine Cassler, Wanda Stopa, and Grace Lusk.

A grisly procession, not rendered more alluring by the fact that they were almost all the perpetrators of crimes carefully premeditated. This, Miss Quinby points out, is a distinguishing trait of the female killer, the male being more apt to act on impulse. Each of these women she has made the subject of a sort of novelette, studded with dates and facts, painstakingly culled from newspaper records. The material in itself is stark and powerful, qualities which the writer allows to escape her in a welter of words most of the time. There is one exception to this, however—the description of Jennie, the little pale-faced orphan girl, held on the Gunness "murder farm," coming unawares upon the unspeakable Belle at her bloody work. (For this mistake, it may be said, Jennie went the way that Belle's husbands and suitors had gone before.) But invariably the writing is padded, florid, and detailed where the effect might have been heightened by reticence. Perhaps it takes the genius of a Poe to narrate pure horror with the overtone of strangeness that invests it with significance and mordant beauty. But Miss Quinby, who has hobnobbed with murderesses as a newspaper reporter in Chicago, and conducted a school in jail for them and had them teach her how to crochet, has probably by now lost this feeling of strangeness. As a result, her book turns out a pedestrian account of these turgid souls which reminds one of nothing so much as a trip through what used to be the "chamber of horrors" at the old New York Eden Musée, where was depicted in wax as goodly a crowd of murderers as ever came together. If you enjoyed that sort of thing then, you will enjoy "Murder for Love" now. It might be mentioned that of the seven women slayers included in the book, only one suffered capital punishment from the state for her crime.

The international memorial to Rupert Brooke, the famous young English poet who died in the Great War, was unveiled on Easter Day, on the island of Skyros, where the poet is buried, by the Greek Premier, M. Venizelos. One of those who attended the ceremony was an intimate fried and distinguished fellow-poet of Brooke's, namely Lascelles Abercrombie, now Professor of English Literature at Leeds University.

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This is the story of Seth Shone, a mighty poacher of ancient and romantic Mercia. Caught one shiny night in Squire Marple's woods, he killed the keeper—was shipped—and returned white-haired but hard-set to avenge himself of those who had wronged him. He built "the image house"—crowned it with hewn-stone images of his enemies—cursed them and lived to see the curse prevail. His house still stands near the home of Beatrice Tunstall. The images are still there. His grandson still believes in them as the best way to down one's foes. This book is a "return to the verities"—a rich, magnificently simple novel of love and courage, destined to be regarded as a pastoral classic. People are already comparing it with Mary Webb's *Precious Bane*. It marches grandly to the tune of the old poaching song, "O 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year . . ."

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Books of Special Interest

Bludgeoning Satire

BLACK NO MORE. By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH

IN this world of Mr. Schuyler's devising, it is 1933, and Junius Crookman, a Negro doctor, has happened upon a serum which will turn black people white. He carries the experiment through. It succeeds; soon there is no longer a black belt, "passing" is a relic of an older furtive time, there are no more Negroes in America. That is, no more people with dark skins; racial characteristics remain unchanged. This situation is the point of departure; the book's satiric concern is with the consequences. The conception was shrewd, bold; the possibilities various for incisive devastation.

I formed a white man's estimate of the work. I could report upon its venomous spirit, its artistic negligibility, the coarse bludgeoning substance. I had my idea—but what would one of Mr. Schuyler's race think of it? So I went to her and asked her to read the book. Later, slowly turning the pages, she said to me in low, bitter pride: "These are not my people. He has not understood." She is thirty, with clear, nut-brown skin and braided hair; and from her round, homely face her black eyes shine with intelligence and melancholy fire. I have had many long talks with her. Her mother was a Creole, her father a magnificent full-blooded Negro, an assemblyman in Texas. "I come of kings," she says often; "not slaves. My pa's fathers were kings in Africa." She has worked in the cotton regions, been a school-teacher in Georgia. She has seen with her own eyes two lynchings; one of the men hanged and burned was her brother. Now she is a clerk in a Harlem factory. At night she goes to college to study writing; she has a deep dream of writing true things about her black folk. I know she will never be a writer, and I cannot tell her this easily; she will always grope for expression. But in the richness of her feeling and her awareness of others she is already an intuitive artist in living. To this Negress I brought the book "Black No More." "He has not understood," she said.

I did not altogether agree, but I knew what she meant. I thought of Sherwood Anderson's word (in his "Notebook" of some ten years ago) upon our new Nobel Prize winner; he speaks of the "dreary waste" of Lewis's prose, calls it barren and less than human because almost nowhere in it are apparent the gleam and the shadow of living, nowhere the heightening moment. It simply was not life as Anderson knew it, just as Mr. Schuyler's brutal projection was not the beautiful and relentlessly tragic life this fine young Negress knew. Though hers was a raw emotional perception, uncritical, and in good part delusion, deriving its bias from what she feared and hated, and its color from her vague dream of what might be, in Sherwood Anderson's sense it was a truest criticism. It meant nothing to her that the intention of Mr. Schuyler's work was satiric, and that satire in its large antiseptic function has little patience for measure or justness. It was all a calumny.

But there is a residuum of truth in "Black No More" and several delectable ironies. Particularly choice is Mr. Schuyler's vision of the psychochemically blanched Negro, one Matthew Fisher, organizing the Knights of Nordica in the heart of the South to preserve the purity of the white race. Eventually under the author's sometimes ingenious handling a social revolution comes about—the whites are segregated and discriminated against, blackness is at a premium. The beginning of the action has been indicated, and the outcome; there is occasional hilarity between, frequent dulness, and much very bad writing. The portrait of Dr. Shakespeare Agamemnon Beard, founder of the National Social Equality League, graduate of Harvard, Yale, and Copenhagen; Dr. Napoleon Wellington Jackson, who looked like a tall ape and wrote sorrow-songs; Mr. Walter Williams, "a white man with pale blue eyes and wavy auburn hair," who spoke proudly of his Negro blood; Santope Licorice, Provisional President of Africa, Admiral of the African Navy, Knight Commander of the Nile; these all are instantly recognizable (Mr. Schuyler seems to have paid off some personal scores) and will cause much writhing and gnashing of molars in Harlem. Incidentally, they reveal best the book's overwhelming defect as a novel; it suffers from the author's bitter need for destruction, and under such stress loses all relation to art and reality. As a satire it is excessively underlined; Mr. Schuyler goes bludgeoning his way through it, striking down right and left the straw men he has set up, and the house of cards. Most often it will merely indulge grown-up children of both races.

I think again of the mute, dark girl who dreams of writing true things about her people, I think of the kind of truth she might get down on paper if a voice were given her. Negro authors—Claude McKay comes to mind—have been giving forth what they believe white readers want; or like William Burghardt DuBois, shrilling dithyrambic frustrations; or now, as in George S. Schuyler's novel, capering as embittered buffoons, mocking themselves and all others. Some day—"Not Without Laughter" was a courageous though partial beginning—a Negro artist, combining articulateness with the passion, the hunger, the wealth in suffering of my dark thirty-year-old friend, will create a work. Then we shall finally get a true, rich book upon the black soul in our midst.

The Fear-Oppressed

A HAIR DIVIDES. By CLAUDE HOUGHTON. Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by FRANCIS MCDERMOTT

Claude Houghton, who has been attracting increasing attention in England and America, and who with the publication last year of "I Am Jonathan Scrivener" reached the general body of readers, combines originality with intelligence, displaying, particularly, great gifts of imagination and psychological insight.

Houghton deals mainly with mental psychology. In "I Am Jonathan Scrivener" he described the subtle and self-revealing reactions of a group of persons to a dominating and disturbing personality. "A Hair Divides" is a study of the mind of a man obsessed and haunted by fear. It has more actual plot than its predecessor. It could in fact be called a "thriller," for violent death occurs in its early stages. But it is a new type of "thriller" in which physical action is subordinated to the main psychological theme.

Gordon Rutherford, a young writer, is the only witness to the accidental death of an acquaintance, Martin Feversham. The attendant circumstances are most skilfully contrived by the author to present Rutherford with a dramatic dilemma. The death can be disclosed by him only under the gravest risk of being suspected, and probably hanged as the murderer. The death, if not disclosed by him, will quite likely be indefinitely concealed—provided that he can get rid of the body. But to dispose of the body and conceal the accident will destroy his slender chance of convincing a jury of his innocence, if he is caught.

Rutherford feels no confidence in the power of the truth. He solves his dilemma by acting as though he were the murderer. He destroys the body and for greater safety leaves the country at the first opportunity.

For twenty years the mystery of Feversham's disappearance is unsolved. Eventually, in a most dramatic manner, Rutherford is confronted with the certain disclosure of the facts and his equally certain conviction of the murder of Feversham.

In between its sensational opening and dramatic end, the novel is a brilliant study of a fear-oppressed mind. Inwardly and outwardly, Rutherford was completely changed by his decisions of one night. Thereafter he is a man in the grip of psychic powers. The power to write drops from him and with it, ambition. He has to drug his mind with hard work. He loses all inner life, formerly his most precious possession. His real personality can never dissociate itself from the overwhelming memory of the past. When fear of exposure leaves him in the course of time, it is succeeded by a worse obsession. He begins to doubt whether he is in fact innocent of the death of Feversham, to think that the "accident" was really a murder.

The picture of this man harassed and persecuted by fear is one of the best pieces of work in English fiction of recent years. Every turn and twist of the mind of the unfortunate man is delineated with great imaginative reality; the mental turmoil comes tense and vivid off the printed page.

"A Hair Divides" can be recommended for most of the qualities that go to make a first class novel. It is most carefully constructed; its characterization is profound and consistent; its writing is lucid and economical; its dialogue is sparkling, witty and wise. It is brimful of intelligence and original thinking.

Mr. Houghton's potentiality is considerable. There are still faults in his work,

(*Continued on next page*)

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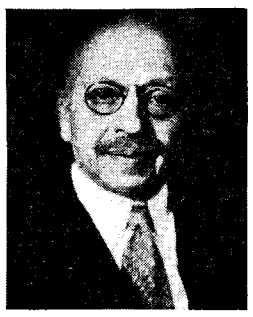

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for thirty-nine years occupied the chair of Psychology in the University of Wisconsin, and was formerly President of The American Psychological Association. His popular book, *Keeping Mentally Fit,* and his syndicated articles in country-wide newspapers, have won him thousands of readers.

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(*Continued from page 799*)

but they are the faults of immaturity (poverty of invention, and an occasional tendency to rhetoric and platitude), and they are disappearing. "A Hair Divides" is a decided advance on "I Am Jonathan Scrivener." It is leading, one feels, to a future of quite unpredictable achievement.

A Voice from Oxford

POETRY AND THE CRITICISM OF LIFE. By H. W. GARROD. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

THERE are but two university Professorships of Poetry in the world, at Oxford and at Harvard, and the author of these lectures has stepped from the one to the other. Bringing to us the elder tradition of British scholarship, he has so thoroughly mastered the etiquette of the new place that it is necessary for him in his preface to say, "Throughout this book 'Cambridge' means Cambridge, Massachusetts, and 'Oxford' means Oxford, England."

Of the eight lectures here collected, the first and the last are of a general nature: "Poetry and the Criticism of Life" and "Methods of Criticism in Poetry." The lecturer owns that they "plead a cause no longer fashionable either in Oxford or in Cambridge," that of the "Moral Muse" who in producing great poetry habitually binds up beauty and morality, art and virtue. This Muse has his faith, and he chooses to pay her homage by way of a group of poets whose names are now lightly handled by the poets of self-expression. Mr. Garrod has no apology for a choice deliberately made:

> Three of the lectures here printed concern themselves with Matthew Arnold—I did not know how I could better illustrate the meaning and purpose of a Professorship of Poetry. Moreover, Matthew Arnold has himself lectured in Cambridge; and he had been a friend of Charles Eliot Norton, in whose memory the Harvard professorship is founded. With Arnold, it was natural that I should conjoin Emerson and Clough, both of them, like Arnold, friends of Norton, and having, both of them, special associations with Cambridge. The seventh lecture is upon the last poem of Robert Bridges, "The Testament of Beauty."

Matthew Arnold was among the lecturer's precedecessors in the chair of Poetry at Oxford, but first influenced him, in youth, as prose writer and prophet; "How we loved 'sweetness and light,' with what an almost sensuous addiction! How we despised 'Philistines' and 'barbarians,' and indeed nine-tenths of our countrymen. What devotees we were, what initiates, of the 'grand manner'. . . ." Mr. Garrod looks back with a sigh as well as a smile. Arnold was appointed to the Oxford chair of Poetry by reason of his work (scant enough in bulk) as a poet. But he became famous and influential as a critic purely. Now, says Mr. Garrod, his criticism is regarded as obsolete and his poetry becomes audible.

Two of the Matthew Arnold papers are given to this poetry. Praise is duly awarded to the classical pieces; but the main interest centers in the long series of poems which directly or indirectly express Arnold's chief emotional experience, his passion for the unidentified Marguerite from whom he was parted by "the barrier of his own academicism" and who inspired his best lyrical poetry. The theme of lovers divided by fate, essentially romantic, fructified the verse of the reserved Oxford classicist and inspector of schools. Mr. Garrod is pleased that Arnold is in some measure being revalued as a poet, but places him higher as a critic and man of letters.

Emerson also is valued rather for his prose than for his poetry, where he was cramped by his addiction to a narrow metre never wholly mastered. And in prose he is esteemed not as a philosopher but as a "naturalist of the soul of man." At Emerson's central idea or "unifying principle" of the Oversoul, Matthew Arnold is pictured "dilating the nostril of a nervous dilettantism, not quite sure whether he can slay his enemy merely by disliking the smell of him." The phrase gives a taste of the lecturer's easy and fruitful wit. Emerson is reëxamined as a literary artist also—a character in which the critic thinks he has been done little justice. For all its sententiousness, Emerson is here revealed as much more than a string of aphorisms: "These sentences shine in the 'Essays,' often with a solitary light, lonely stars of thought. Often, however—and far more often than in Emerson's verse—the fine point of light relieves its own concentration in a sort of star-burst, propagating itself across whole paragraphs — paragraphs which become glowing and luminous."

Clough, born in America, was brought back by Emerson—the first Oxford man to be invited to teach at Harvard. Mr. Garrod esteems him for the satirical vein which he cultivated too little, and which has been neglected in favor of his religious "mopings." Clough's last published poem, "Dipsychus," is compared with "Hudibras" and "Don Juan": "It is a reproach to our criticism that a satire so gay and so going should be so little read. The truth is that nearly all Clough's readers have been of the wrong sort; they have been dull persons —clergymen with doubts, and theologically minded laymen—and they have liked only Clough's dull parts."

Interregnum

OUR GODS ARE NOT BORN. By CHARLES R. WALKER. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by CATHERINE ROYER

OUR gods are not born. So the Americans of these short stories made idols of their ambitions, their emotions, their senses, their egos. Some are ridiculous, a few glimpse some dawning congruity, all are frustrated. A man may have a germ of greatness—a vision of achievement, high sense of honor, immense energy, talent, ruthless logic, but an unspeakable sadism or the neurosis of introspection; strong will and ambition, with not quite the conviction to meet obstacles and be a positive personality. They would perhaps have been better men and women to have committed the crimes they faced than to have wept, or got drunk, or fooled themselves, or tried to write out and understand what can in reality only be buried. Their menace would at least have been tangible.

Van Wyck (who has chosen architecture because it is "the most aristocratic, honorable, cruel, and egotistic of the arts") exclaims: "In our country all the big men who begin in a hard-boiled way, how do they end? By giving away libraries—and dimes." In a flash of cold logic he sees a well covered murder of his wealthy uncle as the only way to the money and independence he needs to succeed. His conscience bothers him not at all, but the smug and strong-willed "victim" offers him a trip abroad as his architectural adviser. And Van Wyck feels unreasonably dutiful and accepts, although he knows that this means never to practise, but at best to take the chair of architecture his uncle endowed with Nicaraguan bonds.

Perhaps it is his own varied experiences from furnace man, revolutionist, and army officer to husband and staff member of *The Atlantic Monthly* that gave Mr. Walker his insight into the minds of many types of Americans—the lumberman reconciling the urge of spring and a prosaic wife; the executive, whose father despises his indifferent management of the smothering details of his inherited business; the architect; the virgin; a member of the lost generation in Paris who kills himself at sunrise when his muscles are hard and he feels happy—a tribute to the soldier he saw jump into a bayonet laughing; the chauffeur who becomes Dr. Woodrow for a brief, triumphant hour and a factory hand for the rest of his days; the salesman trying to analyze away his love for the wife of the man who befriended him.

The book is written with intense care for the sensations of commonplace things, and concentration, economy, and swift passage through crises. Generally a single personality puts the rest of the characters into a hazy background. Each man is perplexed only with problems in his mind, opposed to crystallized, alkali, and worn out answers of another generation.

"Our Gods Are Not Born" is not a pleasant book, but it is honest, and it makes one pray that gods may be born for the next generation.

The Irish censorship board is facing a problem when the Royal Irish Academy publishes its translation of ancient Irish manuscripts which have been collected from far and near and which are expected to reveal the past Gaelic culture. It is learned on the highest authority that a fifteenth century manuscript being translated contains a section dealing with the now banned subject of birth control.

Madame Georgette Leblanc, for twenty years the mistress of M. Maurice Materlinck, has recently caused a sensation in France by the publication of a remarkable book of memoirs.

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Books of Special Interest

A Jockey of the 'Nineties

GOD SENDS SUNDAY. By ARNA BONTEMPS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.

A SENSE of truth pervades this simply told story of a gaudy Negro's life. Little Augie, a river plantation boy, goes to New Orleans, finds his place in the race-track stables, and grows to be a fabulously rich (for his standards) jockey in the plush days of the 'nineties. His kind knows of only one way to convince the populace of his race of his success—to translate his money into unbelievably fancy clothes, gold teeth, and presents for his women. He struts his stuff in New Orleans and in the red light district of Targee Street in St. Louis when the stables traveled there for the races. Little Augie's adventures with his women—with Della, while Florence is far above him, ensconced as mistress of his employer—then with Florence in his endeavor to be a big man among the girls despite his jockey's size, are the main theme of his story while fortune is with him. His days of glory end, and an old and broken man finds refuge with a sister.

The author's recital of the transition, of Little Augie in the twilight days after his glory has departed is a picture painted with true understanding of his people, and with simple, faithful touches. Mr. Bontemps is a poet turned novelist with no little success. Little Augie's sordid story is one told with economy and power.

Gospel and Apocalypse

THE LOTUS OF THE WONDERFUL LAW, OR THE LOTUS GOSPEL. By W. E. SOOTHILL. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $6 net.

Reviewed by KENNETH J. SAUNDERS

DR. SOOTHILL and his Japanese helper Mr. Bunno Kato, a monk of the Nicihren School of Buddhism, have done a very useful service in publishing this short summary of a much larger work which they have in hand; and the Oxford Press has put it out in a very attractive form, with interesting illustrations from early prints, and good bold type.

The introduction rightly insists on the great importance of this Scripture, on its apocalyptic nature, and on its great influence in mediating a popular and positive Buddihsm. "According to the Lotus, no sacrifice is required, no expiation, no atonement, no remorse, no repentance in the sense of contrition, nothing but faith in the infinite mercy and infinite power of the Infinite Buddha who lives and reigns forever." A contemporary Buddhist scripture of about the first century A. D. paints a glowing picture of a flat country of perpetual sunshine, where multitudes who have suffered from the cold and bitter climate of a harsher land and from the terrors of Hell, are seen gathering about the Buddha on his lotus throne, while trees bear perpetual blossoms and fruit, and jewelled palaces give them a foretaste of the heaven for which they are all bound. This sounds strangely like Aimée MacPherson in Los Angeles. Indeed, the Iowans escaping from Hell fire and the rigors of the Middle West are not more charmed with the new evangel of this modern Pollyanna, than were the Himalayan Buddhists when the universalism and optimism of the new Buddhism sounded in their ears.

The Lotus is a gospel as well as an apocalypse—full of promises, of parables of the universal compassion, and of poetic summaries, easy to remember and very attractive in their imagery. The rhythm of these passages is well reproduced in a translation, which, if it is less lovely than the French version of Burnouf, is much less clumsy than the English rendering of Kern. Both these are large works, and not easily accessible to the general public; so this new version is doubly welcome. It has enough of a critical introduction for the ordinary student and enough of the text for the ordinary reader. Both will recognize that here is not only apocalypse and gospel, but a theology which has been well called Johannine. It relates the historic Buddha to cosmic and eternal truth, gets rid of the merely local in his life, and transfigures him and the vulture peak to the eternal heavens. This mountain, by the way, Dr. Soothill places in Nepal, whereas it is, of course, in the neighborhood of Rajagaha, near Patna; and there are other minor points which remind us that Buddhist studies must begin with a thorough investigation of their Indian sources. Thus the "Awakening of Faith," a much later and more philosophic work, is here accepted as on a par with "The Lotus," and this mistake has been too long perpetuated by Sinologues.

The Lotus is like the Fourth Gospel, an apologia intended to make Buddhism as attractive as Hinduism was becoming in the Gita, and must be studied in this setting to be understood. It is lastly, as Dr. Soothill says, "the creation of a brilliant dramatist, whose name is unknown, but who has left behind, if not the greatest, then one of the greatest religious dramas in the world"; but it lacks the power of selection and of rejection, as it lacks the architectonic use of symbolism of the "Gospel according to St. John," and it has far too often been used as a kind of magic incantation, whose very name is a kind of microcosm.

With all these limitations it has done more than any other writing to influence Japanese civilization, and its influence in Northern India and in China has also been very great.

Challenge to Business

BUSINESS ADRIFT. By WALLACE BRETT DONHAM. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 1931. $2.50.

The value of Dean Donham's stimulating monograph lies more in its challenge than in its program. The author challenges present-day economists to bring their analytical conceptions more directly into the realm of the practical by what he calls a "major synthesis." The theories of the classical economists of an earlier day were defective in that they were deduced from simple situations too remote from the complicated facts of life. Later economists of the historical and mathematical schools have gone to the opposite extreme and have introduced such an appalling number of variables into their pictures that they have caused confusion of thought rather than a clearer perception of principles.

The work of both groups has had its value, but neither of them has made the influence of the economists the effective force it might become by better coördinated thinking and by dealing with the variables in a practical way. There is a middle ground, Dean Donham believes, between the generalizations and the disregard of the realities of the classicists on the one hand and the tendency of modern economists on the other hand to break up into isolated groups of specialists. Under existing conditions they will get nowhere.

That is the dean's challenge. Naturally, he could not be content to stop there. He felt the urge to supplement his criticism with a constructive plan, and so he has undertaken to point the way to the Great Synthesis which is so badly needed. He who would make over our economic arrangements verily gives himself a large order, and Dean Donham will undoubtedly be commended more for his boldness than for the perfection of the new program which he has formulated. It is a safe wager that the economists who find this program even halfway satisfactory will be few and far between.

The truth of the matter is that when Dean Donham attempts to elaborate his plan he quickly abandons the scientific approach which the foreword by Professor Whitehead and the dean's earlier chapters had led us to expect. He becomes dogmatic and lays down his assumptions and generalizations without taking the trouble to prove his conclusions. What he has to say about the practicability of planning for the "middle period," or the next twenty years or so ahead, and the impracticability of doing much effective planning for the next three or four years ahead, is a case in point. How does he know that the one is practicable and the other not? And if he is right he weakens his case; for experience shows that it is not the secular changes spread over two or three decades which cause unemployment, depression, and other troubles. It is rather the cyclical recessions in business occurring at three or four-year intervals which work most of the mischief, and against these the dean's program admittedly will avail little.

In any event, what does the dean propose that we do? He calls for foresight, control, and rationalization. He assures us repeatedly that the only cure for unemployment is work. And in at least one particular he gets down to concrete details and

(*Continued on page* 806)

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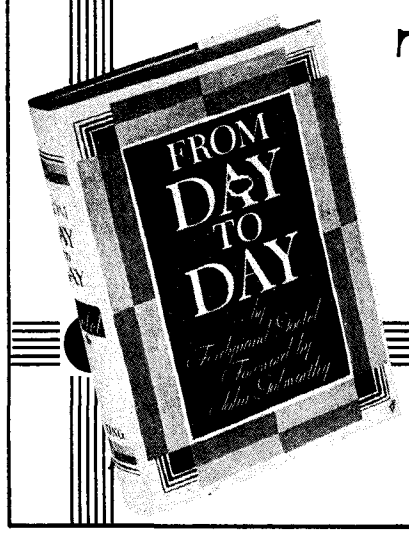

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE most valuable American poetry recently revived, as one might say, is in Robert Morss Lovett's editing of the *Selected Poems of William Vaughn Moody*. It is hard to praise too highly what Professor Lovett has done. He has indubitably preserved the best not only of Moody's individual poems but also of the songs and lyrical passages in Moody's poetic dramas. He has written an introduction which gives us an intimate and vivid view of the man and places him definitely, both with reference to his own time and to the present. The editor notes that he has drawn freely upon Professor Manly's introduction to the two-volume edition of Moody and upon Daniel Gregory Mason's "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody," but he has also conveyed with admirable clarity his own personal view of the man and the poet. And his tracing of the sources of many of Moody's poems, of his chief influences, of the lines along which his genius was progressing, is exceptionally interesting.

Professor Lovett's introduction is not rhapsodic, in spite of his deep affection for one who was an intimate and dear friend. He keeps the poet in perspective. He gives us the man as he lived. Moody was constantly growing in poetic power. Primarily a scholar, with the tendency to derive his themes from literature rather than from life, his life ended just at the time when he might reasonably have been expected to put forth his most significant and individual work; which is not to say that he did not leave us poems of distinctive craftsmanship and spirited nobility. His contribution to American poetry was a most notable one. Three American poets prior to him, and three only, may be called great: Emerson, Whitman, and Poe. There is the accent of greatness in some of Moody's own utterances. Morover, he was a severe critic of his own work and has, as Professor Lovett notes, left us less dross amid the pure metal than several poets who were greater.

This single volume of Moody's best cried to be done, and we are fortunate to have it done so extremely well. It should be the definitive introduction to a poet who was also just coming into his own in the drama. One may then go on to read the delightful letters and the more extended work. Moody attempted greatly. Certain phrases in his rhetoric ring like old counters now, but the exercise of his imagination was a daring one, and again and again he snared the precise epithet, the distinguished expression of exalted feeling. Morover, he communicated with perfect clarity what was in his mind and heart; and in a day when poetry was, or seemed to be, of but the very slightest interest to American readers, he persevered as one of the elect to perfect his own gift, driven by his genuine dæmon. Houghton, Mifflin publishes this volume.

In *The Marriage Feast* (Macmillan), Alice Brown, one of our veteran writers, presents a fantasy of the struggle between soul and body as she conceives it in the life of a human being. Dealing with these personifications, and with a speaking Presence that she introduces, it seems to us that she lacks the power over extraordinary language which alone could render so phantasmal an argument successful in execution. Phrase, throughout, appears to us a mere "poetic" dilution. There is the almost constant use of expressions which in this day and generation seem to have worn away their significance. When the poet speaks, for instance, of "that sweet silvery boskage which is heaven," we cannot avoid grief at the inanity. This danger of the outworn "poetic" expression was one that even Moody himself did not always manage to avoid, but in most instances his power to vivid visualization and his sharp, discriminative ear saved him from it.

From Cheshire House comes to us an exceptionally beautiful edition of Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, with an introduction by Edmund Blunden and illustrations by H. Charles Tomlinson. Mr. Blunden's introduction is, needless to say, admirable written. The romantic literary background of Coleridge's time and the history of the poem's revisions are described with shrewd though gentle humor. The implications of the poem for our own time are indicated intelligently. A passing tribute is naturally paid to Professor Lowes for "The Road to Xanadu." The peculiar style of Mr. Tomlinson's illustrations seems to us to sort with the nature of the poem. The cover of the book, also the work of Mr. Tomlinson, is particularly fine. Of course, like so many, we were brought up on Gustav Doré's illustrations for "The Ancient Mariner," and we never can think of it without seeing before us the work of that strange nightmare artist. The present volume is, however, one of distinction in respect to all those enlisted to make it a work of art.

From Harper & Brothers comes *Best College Verse* 1931, edited by Jessie Rehder. Christopher Morley has contributed to it a brief preface. He finds that

> The women are doing better work (in this kind at least) than the men. Without any preconceptions of any kind I ticked off the things that interested me most in reading this book. I marked seventeen; and of these, thirteen were by women contributors.

He cites one particular poem without naming the author, a poem he read in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. We will name the author, who is Edward Doro, of the University of Pennsylvania, his poem being entitled "Tonight in Philadelphia," and of considerable originality. Also it is to be expected that we should like the two poems here presented by Frances Jennings of the University of Michigan, because we have a particular weakness for poems about animals. So we were drawn to her "Thunderstorm at the Zoo," and "The Heavenly Pagan." Also we have been taken by certain verses of Audrey Wurdemann's of the University of Washington, and feel the promise of Richard Ely Morse of Amherst and William Kimball Flaccus of Dartmouth. Maynard Mack of Yale, in his "Epithalamium," touches true beauty. Elsewhere there are other poems of promise. The book ends with a poem characteristically young, "I Remember," which yet contains an observation true to the nature of all poets. The stirrings of winged imagination cause the writer to declare, "I remember Things I have never known," which may sound like nonsense to the prosaic mind, but is the pith of much good poetry:

But I remember the falling waters,
I remember the funeral pyre,
I remember the River's daughters
Dancing to Phœbus' lyre,
I remember the Persian slaughters,
And Priam's city afire.

It is, after all, as it was in our own time! Actual life will set other themes, but the drama of older history will still cause youth to exult.

We wish to list the following volumes as having been given our attention without their seeming important enough for extended comment:

THE ROUND TABLE. By GEORGENE DAVIS. Rutland, Vermont: The Tory Press. $2.

This, the first publication of the Tory Press, is limited to 300 copies of which 200 are for sale. The author, a New Yorker, is nineteen years old and this is her first book. The play, which is closet drama, is in prose but is poetically conceived. Condensed episodes from the Arthurian story are handled in modern dialogue. There is no inconsiderable promise in the imaginative power displayed and the naturalness of the dialogue. The youth of the author is evident in the youthful psychology of her characters. Guinevere is but a charming girl, Gawain an equally charming and gallant boy. Arthur seems hardly older. Yet, anachronistic though it is, there is a refreshing quality to Miss Davis's writing, an originality of conception that argues well for whatever further work she may do.

ABDUL: An Allegory. By ARMISTEAD KEITH BAYLOR. Privately printed by Edna Ellis Baylor as a Memorial of the Author.

Set forth as an Eastern apologue, this narrative tells of the quest of Youth for Wisdom and Happiness, guided by elder counsel and taught by experience. The verse is monotonous.

CHISELED IN AIR. By CATHERINE M. BRESNAN. Literary Publications, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York. $2.

Some of these poems have already appeared in periodicals. The general run of verses in the volume is mediocre.

WHISTLE OF DAY. By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON. Atlanta, Georgia: The Bozart Press. $1.50.

Here again is verse that has appeared in a number of magazines. But the author knows something about the natures of children and occasionally has a nice humorous touch. The longest poem in the book is a "domestic epic."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Archaeology

THE CHILDREN OF MU. By *James Churchward.* Ives Washburn. $3.

Biography

PARNELL VINDICATED. By *Henry Harrison.* Richard R. Smith. $5.

SHERIDAN: A GHOST STORY. By *E. M. Butler.* Richard R. Smith, Inc. $4.

BULWER: A PANORAMA. I. Edward and Rosina, 1803-1836. By *Michael Sadleir.* Boston: Little, Brown. $4.

FLYING DUTCHMAN: THE LIFE OF FOKKER. By *Anthony H. G. Fokker and Bruce Gould.* Holt. $3.

WHEN DANA WAS THE SUN. By *Charles J. Rosebault.* McBride. $3.75.

Drama

THE DYNASTS. By *Thomas Hardy.* New One Volume Edition. Macmillan. $4.50.

SHORT PLAYS. Edited by *Edwin Van B. Knickerbocker.* Holt.

THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA OF ENGLAND. By *Thomas H. Dickinson.* Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50.

MIRACLE AT VERDUN. By *Hans Schlumberg.* Brentano. $2.

Education

"COPY!" By *Donald D. Hoover.* Crowell. $2.50.

YOUR SON AND MINE. By *John T. McGovern.* Stokes. $2.

WEAVING THE SHORT STORY. By *Douglas Bement.* Richard R. Smith, Inc. $3.

HORAS VIVIDAS. Selections from the Verse and Prose of Antonio Heras. Edited by *S. L. Millard Rosenberg* and *Homer Price Earle.* University of Chicago Press.

Fiction

BLIND MAN'S MARK. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Harcourt, Brace. 1931. $2.50.

Mr. Armstrong's previous books, "The Sleeping Fury" and "The Fiery Dive," have made him known as a writer who can command an emotional intensity, and who possesses a style which is poetic without being in the least mannered, which achieves the beautiful paradox of the clearest water, whose translucence, one would say, is so perfect that it is all but invisible, and yet one whose beauty is always perceptible. It is an enviable reputation; but "Blind Man's Mark," which would be a good novel if it were by a worse author, will not add to it.

It is another story of the sensitive, unusual, unhappy adolescent. There are various influences brought to bear on him; his grandfather is a celebrated poet, perhaps the last of the great Victorian literary figures, and tries to guide his mind; the hero all through his school days makes himself unhappy by a passionate yet inarticulate adoration for a fellow-schoolboy who has nothing in him but the mere animal charm of high spirits and a pretty face; and so on. There is plenty of material to form a character and to bring the character to a crisis, but not much is made of it. The hero remains designedly unformed, groping, fumbling,—the blind man of the title; it is not until the last few pages that he takes definite aim at his mark.

This theme of the ineffectual adolescent has been almost worked out in the last twenty years, and is by its nature especially unfortunate for Mr. Armstrong. His gift is for the definite, the clear, the hard; in the shadowy limbo of a troubled schoolboy's mind he is not at home. In some of its minor parts, the book manages to be excellent; some of the other characters achieve the vividness that the hero lacks, and there are many interesting ideas propounded in the conversations; but that is the most that can be said. Even the style, while quite unexceptionable, has lost its crystalline perfection. This is, perhaps, a book that many of our authors are bound to write, in order to clear their own souls and make a way for the next book; but in itself it is a disappointment.

MULATTO JOHNNY. By ALIN LAUBREAUX. Translated from the French by COLEY TAYLOR. Dutton. 1931. $2.50.

The chief character of this bizarre South Sea tale is Johnny the half-breed, son of a French sailor and the Kanaka girl with whom he lives in the village of Noumea, principal settlement of New Caledonia. As Johnny grows to robust young manhood, the heritage from his mother's race dominates over that side of his nature which stems from the paternal strain, and he attains his illiterate majority in every respect, physically and mentally, the embodiment of a full-blooded savage. Ignorant, unmoral, and impulsive, he kills a man in a brawl, and in consequence is forced to flee the island. He is stranded among cannibals in New Hebrides, with them unwittingly eats human flesh, falls in love there with a captive half-breed girl and is at length transported with a labor batallion of aborigines, recruited by the British, to Australia. In Brisbane, his immense strength attracts the attention of a high civil official with sporting hobbies, and by him Johnny is groomed as challenger of the Australian heavyweight boxing champion. But the momentous meeting between the two fighters ends abruptly in Johnny's attacking his opponent jungle fashion, and being barred thereafter, in disgrace, from ever re-entering the ring. Still untouched beneath the surface by his contacts with white men's civilization, as completely primitive as when he left Noumea twelve years before, Johnny seeks refuge in his birthplace and gratefully reverts to the level of his mother's people. As it is developed, the basic idea of the story seems to lose significance and suffer from frequent heavy-handedness of treatment, which deprives the book of full effectiveness and discredits the suggestion of inevitability which the author obviously intended to convey.

JOHNNY BOGAN. By LEONORA BACCANTE. Vanguard. 1931. $2.

This is a story of consuming passion, sparingly told, exciting, intense, and convincing. In a dreary town where intelligence rates low and small conventionalities establish social standing, Johnny Bogan, son of a slattern and a shoemaker, braves his way through school without a friend—without any one to speak to outside his unbelievably ugly home, until after his futile father kills his mother, when he doesn't have anyone to speak to even there. Stared at and steered clear of, he stays on proudly in the shanty at the edge of the town. For lack of another home, he lives alone in the room where the murder was committed.

That love should come to him in his fearful isolation is like the heavens being rent apart, and an angel descending. Disorderly houses, the excitement of debauch, the satisfaction of repairing a car in the garage, were all that Johnny had come to expect of life. But a certain sensitiveness to beauty, buried deep within him, had never died. As a child he had wandered by the river's edge, and delighted in the reeds and the soft splash of water, the overhanging trees and the birds. In books he had found something that nourished it. So that now, at twenty, when a girl from the town, a "nice" girl, small, delicate, clear-cut like a cameo, thrusts herself into his existence, his fervor, once roused, rises to the heights of poetry.

It is his worship and passion for her that makes up the novel. The girl has picked her perfect mate with unerring directness. And for the boy the dimly imagined beauty of life becomes actual. For the first time he knows companionship, fun, merriment, the exquisiteness of fire and the coolness of peace, intimacy of mind as well as body. Every night is happiness undreamed of. . . . And every day is the same old ugly town—where she passes him by without recognition.

While the girl with the calmness of a deity thus arranges order and peace to please herself, jealousy and rage tear the boy's life apart. Ungovernable words and a rash irrevocable marriage hasten on the tragedy. For all her sureness of herself, her aloofness and her intelligence, the girl can go only so far. Against such a heritage of intensity and uncontrol she is eventually impotent. She has breathed magnificence into an animal, and when she withdraws it, the animal devours her.

The story remains realistic throughout, never melodramatic, nor sentimental, its clarity blurred only in the girl's swift twist at the end—which it is hardly fair to the reader to disclose. One has to pause over that end—and even then one does not know. Maybe it is inevitable.

THAT ROYAL LOVER. By KONRAD BERCOVICI. Brewer & Warren. 1931. $2.50

Writing as a fervent and embittered Rumanian patriot, Konrad Bercovici here scathingly arraigns and condemns the misrule and exploitation of his native land by the successive sovereigns of the Hohenzollern dynasty who, beginning with King Carol I, have occupied the throne of Rumania during the past fifty years. But it is

(*Continued on next page*)

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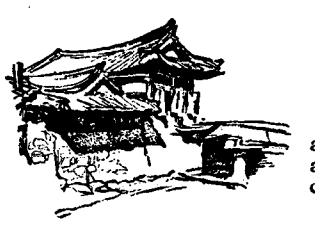

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Fiction

primarily with the scandalous life and intrigues of Queen Marie, certain of her progeny, her ministers of finance and state, her eldest son and his licentious love affairs at home and while in exile abroad, that the book deals, with an unsparing and devastating candor. Marie and her tribe—the late, ridiculous American tour is reviewed in the volume with all the flagrant details of its ignominious absurdity—have well earned the description, "Europe's musical comedy royal family," and this absorbing, historic story of their respective careers gives fullest testimony of the nearly incredible eccentricities by which they have gained their unique repute among the surviving royal houses of the old world.

THE SIGHTLESS HORSEMAN. By *Marque Trayde.* St. Louis, Mo.: Guild Publishers, Inc.

THE MAKING OF MAN. Edited by *V. F. Calverton.* The Modern Library. 95 cents.

THE GARDEN PARTY. By *Katherine Mansfield.* The Modern Library. 95 cents.

GITANA. By *Robert W. Chambers.* Appleton. $2.50.

THE PRIME MINISTER IS DEAD. By *Helen Simpson.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

JOHN MISTLETOE. By *Christopher Morley.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

FIDDLER'S GREEN. By *Albert R. Wetjen.* Boston: Little, Brown. $2.

THE MAN WHO DIED. By *D. H. Lawrence.* Knopf. $1.75.

THE LEAF IS GREEN. By *John V. Craven.* Knopf. $2.50.

THE EVIL CHATEAU. By *Sydney Horler.* Knopf. $2.

THE MISTED MIRROR. By *Henry Daniel-Rops.* Knopf.

BEST SHORT STORIES FROM THE SOUTHWEST. Second Series. Edited by *Hilton R. Greer.* Dallas, Texas: Southwest Press. $2.

THE THREE CORNERED WOUND. By *George Dyer.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $2.

MOCK TURTLE. By *Barnaby Brook.* Minton, Balch. $2.50.

LADY HELENA OR THE MYSTERIOUS LADY. By *Gaston Leroux.* Dutton. $2.

CUSTOMERS' MAN. By *Boyden Sparkes.* Stokes. $1.50.

THE SILVER FLUTE. By *Lida Larrimore.* Macrae Smith. $2.

TREASURES UPON EARTH. By *David Stewart.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

STRANGE CAPERS. By *Arthur Meeker, Jr.* Covice, Friede. $2.50.

History

A HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST. By *George W. Fuller.* Knopf.

International

NEW RUSSIA'S PRIMER. By *M. Ilin.* Translated from the Russian by *George S. Counts* and *Nucia P. Lodge.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.75.

ENGLAND'S CRISIS. By *André Siegfried.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.

U-BOAT STORIES. Narratives of German U-Boat Sailors. Edited by *Karl Neureuther* and *Claus Bergen.* Translated by *Eric Sutton.* Richard R. Smith. $2.50.

Juvenile

RED SHOES. By KATHARINE ELLIS BARRETT. Woman's Press. 1930. $1.50.

WHO AM I? By RALPH BOYER. Whittlesey House. 1930.

FUNDAY. By ILO ORLEANS. Martin. 1930.

Second-hand Stevensonian glamor whimsically hovers over such a book as "Red Shoes," a small brother's thoughts set down by an elder sister. One wishes the boy had been allowed to shine more directly through the adult haze of words or that the adult in question had at least possessed more than an easy knack for rhyme. It is one of those "nice" books, neither very good nor very bad, which ought somehow to have been much better.

Though quite dissimilar in idea and execution, "Who Am I?" belongs to the same category. This is a series of rhymed riddles about nature creatures, pleasantly done, with an answer to each question in picture form on the following page. Children will like it, but they will hardly pass it on to their grandchildren.

Both books have literary pretensions and both by that very fact lose out in the quality that makes literature.

"Funday," on the other hand, a father's pastime for his own children, which obviously lays no more claim to literary or artistic merit than Daddy's evening antics with the children to dramatic art, nevertheless has Something. It is a day-to-day diary of short verses and drawings, for Julian and Judith, composed, printed, and sketched entirely by their busy, devoted, and humorous father on his one free day of the week, appropriately renamed "Funday." Its subject-matter is drawn directly from the children's daily life.

TWINKLY EYES. By ALLEN CHAFFEE. Illustrated by CHARLES LIVINGSTON and PETER DARU. Milton Bradley. 1930. $2.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF LITTLE BROWN BEAR. By DOROTHY BURROUGHS. Illustrated by the author. Harpers. 1930. $2.

Some of the more likable and humorous characteristics of our old friend the bear are brought out in this combination of three books in one, each made up of a number of brief chapters concerning the life of Twinkly Eyes, the young bear, and his numerous forest acquaintances. The author seems to us her own worst enemy, in promising in her introduction "a taste of biology, botany, zoölogy, and meteorology," and thus leading her reader to expect something much less simple and more informative than is discovered. The little stories of Twinkly Eyes, Frisky Fox, Writho the snake, Unk Wunk the porcupine, and the rest should stand on their own feet as being true to life and pleasantly told for a quite young reader; but they have by now a rather familiar ring in the telling, since this has become a popular form of animal book. The illustrations are plentiful and adequate.

Far more imaginative, though slight in size and scope, is Dorothy Burrough's little book. It concerns another young bear who makes no pretensions whatever to reality during this episode of adventure and rescue in a quite fanciful land—or should we say sky? Even if there were no text at all with these pages, we should be glad to place them in the hands of readers of any age for the sake of the delightful animal drawings which in a few lines suggest so much action and whimsical humor. What a fortunate author thus to be able to express her pleasant fancy in lines as well as words! The sketches have a suggestion of Clarence Day but hold their own lively individuality.

Miscellaneous

BUT IT STILL GOES ON. By ROBERT GRAVES. Cape-Smith. 1931. $3.

In "Good-bye to All That" Mr. Graves wrote one of the best of the war books and, one assumes and hopes, reaped from it a respectable mead of well-deserved profit. Cynically he assures us, in the introduction to the present volume, which he calls "Postscript to 'Good-bye to All That,'" that he deliberately set out to write a best-seller by putting into the book "all the frank answers to all the inquisitive questions that people like to ask about other people's lives." Whatever the motive—and who shall blame a poet for writing prose for profit?—in getting out of his system the crowded and harrowing experiences of his youth, he also delivered himself of an uncommonly good book.

It is a pity in some ways that he couldn't be content to let it go at that. For explain it as you may—and the author calls his new book "an appendix" to the other—the title "But It Still Goes On" seems cunningly contrived to entice the readers who relished "Good-bye to All That" with the promise of similarly attractive fare. Put quite baldly, the thing has the appearance of an attempt to cash in on a previous success. That is perfectly all right so long as there is in evidence a genuine effort to justify the attempt. There are good things in this book, notably the short play at the end from which the volume takes its title, and which is a brilliant, though unplayable, variation on the theme of inversion; but by and large what the author has done is to rummage through his desk drawers and turn out a miscellany of old manuscripts and scraps of writing—enough to make a full-sized book that will sell for three dollars.

Briefly, the contents are as follows: "Postscript to 'Good-bye To All That,'" in which certain criticisms of the previous book are reproduced and answered and the author develops amusingly his story for preserving and accenting the romantic element in future wars without unnecessarily endangering life; three short stories of mediocre quality, one of which, "The Shout," has, if we are not mistaken, already received separate publication; "A Journal of Curiosities"—notes jotted down over a period of five weeks; a satirical piece entitled "Alpha and Omega of the Autobiography of Baal," and the short play already referred to. Since Mr. Graves is a very gifted young man, there is distinction even in his *obiter dicta*, and the miscellany of this volume might quite appropriately have been published under some such title as "Casuals of a Desk Drawer."

WORLD MINERALS AND WORLD POLITICS. By *C. K. Leith.* Whittlesey House. $2.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION. By *Jesse Frederich Steiner.* Century. $2.75.

A LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ATLAS OF AMERICA. By *J. G. Bartholomew.* Revised by *Samuel McKee, Jr.* Dutton. $1.25.

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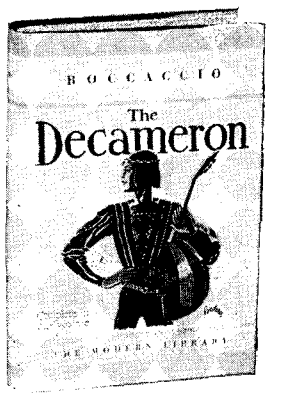

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Points of View

Anent a Senator

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The note on the blocking of the copyright bill in the issue of March 14th, mentioning Thomas of Oklahoma (ill chosen Senator from a state too soon admitted to statehood) is a bit mild and not sufficiently optimistic.

Blease arose some months since in the Senate and made a most dastardly threat against a local Carolina professor. He was later judged unfit for reëlection.

Let us hope that Thomas will also be kicked on to the scrap heap. No Senator feels a general complaint about the whole Senate. Can't we have a full page life history of Thomas and his fellow (individual) detrimentals?

Yours,
Rapallo. EZRA POUND.

"Sanctuary"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

May I take exception to an inconsistency in the extremely interesting review of "Sanctuary," by William Faulkner, in the *Review* of March 21? Dr. Canby praises (or stresses, at least) the "complete objectivity" of Faulkner's work, and later refers to its "sadism." I don't know anything about "Sanctuary"—on my list, but I haven't read it yet. But objectivity and sadism are psychologically incompatible. "Complete objectivity" is the hall-mark of an intellectual maturity; sadism—in any of its forms—is one of the childish-pattern responses to life. A man can't write with complete objectivity—as I judge Mr. Faulkner does—and at the same time be sadistic, any more than a man can be a psychiatrist and at the same time a Holy Roller.

EDGAR NEWBURY.
Springfield, Mass.

Devils of Science

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Henshaw Ward concludes his article "Seven Devils of Science" with this sentence: "Science is not possessed by devils."

If Mr. Ward means that science is not possessed by devils in the form of scientists I most certainly do not agree with him. On the other hand, if Mr. Ward means that science is not possessed by diabolical ideas I would agree with him. That is, if he means pure science.

There have been scientists in the nineteenth century just as there are scientists today that hold to the doctrine of materialism. True, these I have reference to are just changing their views, but nevertheless their earlier writings are proof of their former beliefs. How many of these men would hold this thesis, "neither the world nor the matter of which it is composed can possibly be self-existing"; or, "action at a distance is impossible"; or "everything that begins to exist must have a cause"; or, "no existing quantity can be infinite"; or, "matter could not have originated by creation"?

He says, "It is sheer superstition to impute materialism to the science of this century." Well, if it is, how does he account for the scientific beliefs of Eddington and Einstein and others not so well known?

He says, ". . . for freedom (of the will) would mean that an action could be produced without any physical cause." Since when can a scientist try to explain a spiritual force acting upon a material substance? When could any scientist ever examine the evidence of a soul? It reminds me of the story of the surgeon who examined forty-five dead bodies looking for evidence of a soul.

Of course, it is mighty difficult to see why he should include the following quotation in a paper of this kind: "For men are all by nature tyrannical, greedy for power, eager to impose, . . . etc."

The present intentions of scientists may be meek and ever so pure, but it might be very embarrassing to many of the worthies to even mention what their intentions are.

"All recent theology teems with *experience*." Poor Mr. Ward, how he has sought after the truth and in seeking has gone in the wrong direction. For instance, quoting Gerald Birney Smith as a theologian. It reminds me that many Doctors of Divinity are not saints, whereas many humble and uneducated people have risen to the heights of sanctity. True, there are proofs in natural theology for the existence of God, but most of our knowledge of God comes from revelation.

That there is a basis for a belief in a fixed order of nature cannot be denied. Can there be any one who would attempt to prove that there is no such thing as a "uniformity of nature?" If there is, let him come forth and "submit them (their proofs) to clinical examination."

The human mind might be so ignorant and weak that it would not be able to know all the laws that nature follows, but it is not so ignorant and not so weak that it cannot know that nature does operate upon fixed and invariable laws.

E. E. BOYENS.
Richmond Hill, L. I.

The American Novelist

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. J. B. Priestley has come and gone, commented on the American scene and criticized the American novel, his latter pronouncement to the point and chiefly salutary.

What he finds lacking in the American novel is real, philosophically rich, character drawing. What he finds particularly sad is the smalltown protagonist of the "revolt" novel. The quality he finds most worthy of praise is what he calls the delineation of the pioneer spirit in the novels of Miss Willa Cather and in the figure of Dr. Kennicott of Mr. Lewis's "Main Street." Mr. Priestley recommends more of this.

Here Mr. Priestley just misses touching upon a matter that never seems to have sufficient consideration from the American novelist. Relatively little of the pioneer spirit invests the characters of the great novels of the world. The chief and almost only high quality of the pioneer spirit as art material is its sincerity. Hardy, to whom Mr. Priestley points, saw Tess as a resultant of forces at work in an English family for hardly less than a thousand years, and felt by him in complete perspective, whereas the antecedents of the poor, shallow "revolt" heroes and heroines whom Mr. Priestley quite justly satirizes never seem to go back of the tired mother and the father who, as he says, is always discovered sitting in his shirt-sleeves.

It is here that the American novelist has fallen short, although Mr. Priestley, inured as he is to the lush presence of tradition, seems not to react to the possibility of its absence or tenuousness. Authentic character portrayal in the convincing richness of manner of the really first-rate novel, demands of the novelist in America that at least for a few generations to come he take into account the pre-American antecedents of his hero: the stone-cutter of Prague, restless and inebriate, whose son is a substantial miller and a county official in Iowa in the 60's, whose grandson is a failure in the 90's, whose great-grandson seeks Greenwich Village in the 1920's; the Dublin student of law, who, putting aside family, reaches America in the 40's the husband of a blue-eyed peasant, a member of their third generation studying "pre"-medicine in a State University in 1925, the first of his line to "go to college," so he thinks, all but unconscious of any heritage.

The fact of transplantation does not free the serious novelist from taking these matters into account and weighing them heavily. Their apparent subtlety needs to be more of a challenge than it has been. And herein may be found the remedy for that other defect to which Mr. Priestley points in the American novel, the looming up of local color to such proportions as to become a chief character in the story.

Herein, too, may lie a reason for American novelists to travel farther afield than Paris and the Riviera.

WILLIAM S. WABNITZ.

Anonymous Authors

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

E. K. Cormack in "Points of View," March 21, asks, naively enough, "Why not anonymous authors as well as reviewers?" Let him learn. There is the Anonymous Press (Carrefour Editions), founded abroad to combat what its earnest supporters call "personality mongering" in the arts, and transported to these shores of late under a salvo of wisecracking from the press gallery. Two publications are already out—"U. S. A. with Music" and "Werther's Younger Brother." More are to come, the publishers assure us.—There you are—a chance for the anonymous reviewer to tackle his own meat. So far there has been complete silence about these books from the regular fellows. Either they are scared, or else, like Mr. Flawner Bannel, the critic in "Fanny's First Play," they have got nothing to say, not knowing who it's all by.

M. B. DORÉ.
New York.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

M. D., Columbus, O., needs books dealing with the German chemist Frederick August Kékulé, father of organic chemistry, and for a modern text, French or English, on Charles d'Orléans, besides Champion's out-of-print book which costs $35, supposing you can get it. The standard work is in German, "August Kékulé," by Richard Anschuetz (Berlin, Verlag Chemie, G.m.b.H., 1929, 2 vols.). The first is "Leben und Wirken," the second "Berichte, Kritiken, Artikel, Reden." An article, "Friedrich August Kékulé von Swadonitz (1829-1896)" appeared in *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* in 1899. Charles d'Orléans figures in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," in a volume of "Mediæval Studies in Memory of Gertrude Schoepperle Loomis," published in Paris in 1927, and an article by J-M. Bernard in *La Revue Critique des Idées et des Livres,* Paris, 1912, tome 18. Pierre Champion has edited his "Poésies" in two volumes. The only biography written by Pierre Champion that has appeared in English translation is "Louis XI," published last year by Dodd, Mead. *G. W. P., Los Angeles, Cal.,* says I may safely recommend to the inquirer for notes on Joyce's "Ulysses" the criticism by S. Foster Damon published under the title "Odyssey in Dublin," in *Hound and Horn,* the Fall Quarterly issue for 1929. "In my humble opinion (which isn't so terribly humble) Mr. Damon's treatment of the subject is superior to Rebecca West's, for it is clear, coherent, and developed. Rebecca West never does really give one much of an idea on her subject, you know; what she gives is a very vivid idea of her own personal antipathies. Mr. Damon gives an extremely good general outline of the 'story' and significant suggestions regarding Joyce's treatment of the central theme. He introduces it as 'the most thorough-going literary attempt to analyze the ancient problem of evil since Faust.' After Damon, one may read, with greater profit than before, Stuart Gilbert's and Herbert Gorman's studies of 'Ulysses.'" And I myself may add, the latest of the studies of writers of the transition to appear, Edmund Wilson's "Axel's Castle" (Scribner), which includes Joyce in an illuminating interpretation of the whole movement.

M. E. M., Philadelphia, Pa., cannot recall the name of a charming little play by Christopher Morley appearing in this review some time ago, in which Shakespeare was a character; librarians and bookstores consulted cannot help. It is "Good Theatre," in which Shakespeare visits a moving picture show, and a good play it is, too.

The correspondent in Washington, D. C., who was looking for a quotation for a book-plate has settled upon the following from Wordsworth:

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books we know
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

A. H. J., Mattoon, Ill., asks for books on the essay to be used in making out a study course of this subject; the group has already Christopher Morley's selection of "Modern Essays"; "Challenging Essays in Modern Thought," Bachelor and Henry; "Essays of our Times," Sharon Brown. As the course is to include essayists before this century, it could use "Essays for Discussion," edited by Anita P. Forbes (Harper), which opens with Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Hunt, Lamb, De Quincy, Hazlitt, Stevenson, and Thoreau, bridges old and new with Christopher Morley, and spends the rest of its first half with essayists of today, repeating the process in the second half but beginning with Bacon and using other writers. Each essay is accompanied by suggested supplementary reading and in the brief introductions are hints for discussion. It is a text for senior high schools, but a club could well use it, especially as the essays seem chosen as much for subject matter inviting discussion as for literary quality.

W. J. H., Gary, Indiana, writes:—"Your list on physicians in the Guide for January 31 and your query as to the first doctor in English fiction reminds me of some family letters I have just been reading. They report the last illness of a great-great-grandmother in 1840 and all the way through her physician is referred to not as Dr. but as plain 'Mr. Hunt.' And they were written by educated people of standing in an English county market-town. The physicians were probably just beginning to rise into place as members of an accepted profession. Not so long before they were certainly called in in times of need, but so were the Sairy Gamps and the undertakers. The untrained leeches perhaps did not deserve recognition but if they had profited by experience and ultimately developed into valuable community servants in their later years they were still largely thought of as merely apothecaries or pill rollers only a step ahead of the barber-surgeons of earlier days. Even their apprentices who profited by the masters' experience and arrived earlier probably scorned the title which previously had been applied almost entirely to quacks, mountebanks, and eccentrics such as Dr. Slop and Dr. Love and Dr. Cagliostro. I am not an authority but I am under the impression that it was Queen Victoria who helped them along the way despite the near scandal of introducing the un-British custom of masculine accoucheurs. At any rate few families regarded medicine as a field of promise for their sons and I suppose literature followed the generally accepted point of view in regarding physicians as lucky or well-intentioned individuals whose calling was not to be taken seriously."

Books Briefly Described

THE HISTORY OF EMILY MONTAGUE. By FRANCES BROOKE. An Edition with Introduction and Notes by LAWRENCE J. BURPEE. Ottawa: Graphic Publishers, Ltd. 1931.

This is a reprinting and editing of a novel written in letter form with Canada as the scene by one of Dr. Johnson's circle. It is probable though not certain that the book was written in Canada, and it is interesting as a reflection of Canadian experience in the 18th century.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS. Edited by MAURICE BUXTON FORMAN. New York: Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. 1931. $14.

This new edition of the Letters of Keats has been prepared by the son of Harry Buxton Forman, the editor of the earlier standard edition, and contains in addition to new material and revisions collected by the father before his death a number of letters recently recovered, some of which have not before been published. It is, of course, an important edition and will be reviewed at length later in *The Saturday Review.*

BURTON: ARABIAN NIGHTS ADVENTURER. By FAIRFAX DOWNEY. New York: Scribners. 1931. $3.

A readable life of the great explorer and translator based upon earlier biographies but well told and interesting.

TRANSLATION: AN ELIZABETHAN ART. By F. O. MATTHIESSEN. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1931. $2.50.

This very interesting book is an attempt to penetrate further into the Elizabethan mind and the secrets of Elizabethan prose style by a study of the free and high-spirited translations made chiefly from the Italian in this period. Mr. Matthiessen has made a careful survey in comparison with the originals, but in doing so he has not forgot that the main purpose of his scholarship is to indicate the nature of Elizabethan literary quality, and his book is both well documented and interesting.

Mr. P. E. G. Quercus made reference in a *Saturday Review* advertisement of March 28th to "Body, Mind and Spirit," by Elwood Worcester and Samuel McComb, as one of the particularly interesting books of the spring. By mistake he credited it to Houghton, Mifflin. It is published by Marshall Jones of Boston.

At the recent dinner for Marc Connelly given by the P. E. N. Club in honor of the author of "Green Pastures," Mr. Connelly paid a handsome tribute to Mr. Roark Bradford, also present at the speakers' table.

Books of Special Interest

(*Continued from page* 801)

urges that we cease to encourage exports, prevent foreign competition by means of an adequate tariff, and then direct our energies to the development of a home market. There is nothing new or original in that proposal. It has been worked overtime in Washington by the farm bloc.

After reading this book one feels that Dean Donham has envisioned a beautiful fairway, carefully teed his ball for a magnificent drive, swung his club lustily—and missed.

Joan of Arc

JOAN OF ARC. By MABEL DODGE HOLMES. Illustrations by EDWIN JOHN PRITTIE. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. 1930.

Reviewed by FRANK MALOY ANDERSON
Dartmouth College

THIS life of Joan of Arc represents an ambitious undertaking. It is an attempt to tell her story with fidelity to history but in a manner suitable for young people of about high school age. Such an undertaking is beset with difficulties. It calls for critical judgment and literary skill of the highest order. There are pitfalls for the unwary at every point in the extraordinary career of the Maid of France. Even a fair degree of success in an enterprise of so much difficulty would be no small achievement. That the author of this volume has done something more seems to the reviewer beyond question.

Professor E. P. Cheyney, in an admirable introduction, has indicated the nature of this achievement. He tells us: The task of discovering how far Joan's visions were due to her own imagination, of explaining how much of her success was due to the changing circumstances of the time and how much to her genius, of writing still more learned books about her may be left to the learned scholars. It is, after all, herself and the people and things that surrounded her, what she was like and what she said and did, that the life of Joan of Arc means to most of us, and it is a book of this kind that the author has written.

From the historical standpoint the book is not everywhere of equal merit. The portions about the life of Joan at Domremy and her imprisonment and trial are better than those which describe her military exploits. Picturesque incidents if related by contemporaries are sometimes too readily accepted. The explanations for details about the fighting are often of doubtful validity. There are occasional anachronisms. One of the most surprising is that which tells how at Domremy Joan's father "smoked his pipe in the sunset light on the bench outside the door." It seems safe to suppose that a good many of the young readers for whom the book is intended will be able to detect that error. Imaginary dialogue has been freely used. The author claims and seems warranted in claiming that it is in all instances consistent with the character of the speakers. It is, however, a dangerous practice. It often misleads because many readers take it too literally and others not only reject such passages but discount too much other features of the book.

The literary style is admirable. It is clear, simple, and grips one's attention. There is nothing about it that even remotely suggests writing down to the understanding of youthful readers. The illustrations by Edwin J. Prittie are excellent both historically and artistically.

Satirizing Chicago

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE. By CLIFFORD RAYMOND. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $2.

Any remarks on "Our Very Best People," by Clifford Raymond, should follow the formula of the comedian's curtain speech and begin, "Ladies and gentlemen, and people from Chicago." For this is a story of Chicago, and to Chicago it must look for its audience. It purports to burlesque the aims and activities of one of the city's oldest families. Which one, if any, specific hierarchy is the target of Mr. Raymond's satire, the home town readers will be quick to see.

For the rest of us, "Our Very Best People" is a bit like a jigsaw puzzle with pieces missing. Halfway through the book, the author hits on the delightful idea of having Con Amore, king of the racketeers, shake down the silk stocking crowd by levying on members of uplift societies and intelligentsia organizations, including the Friends of Haiti, the Association Opposed to Militarism, the Universal Liberty Fellowship, *et al.* But before he takes this turn, Mr. Raymond has ridden off in so many directions that the reader is mystified and never quite recovers his sense of direction. Chief victim of the suave-spoken Amore is Hubert Howeling, impeccable and perennial middle-aged bachelor, backbone of a score of uplift societies and sole surviving male heir to a great name. The torments suffered by Hubert in the enforced position of acting as blind for Con Amore, comprise the story.

Mr. Raymond writes deftly. But he has been unfortunate enough to incur the name satirist by his first novel, and this dangerous appellation has had an insidious effect on many an author before him.

German Fiction

NOVEMBER ACHTZEHN. By GEORG HERRMANN. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1931.

CHINA FRISST MENSCHEN. By RICHARD HUELSENBECK. Zurich: Orell Füssli. 1931.

DONNER ÜBERM MEER. By HEINRICH HAUSER. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1931.

In "November Achtzehn" a practised novelist undertakes to present us with a picture of Berlin on the eve of the Revolution of November, 1918. Previous works of fiction with this as their theme have been rather highly colored—for example Bernhard Kellermann's "Der Neunte November." Georg Herrmann's is a much more placid narrative. In the person of an old journalist, surrounded by his friends, and with a lover in Berlin at the end of the war, he reveals something of the detached attitude which many Berliners no doubt did actually adopt toward the exciting events around them. The revolution, as seen in these pages, was far from being a passionate uprising; it was the despairing gesture of a weary people, to which the common man had become resigned long before it took place. The only fervor and idealistic aspiration in this book is provided by a very young socialist, but he is laughed at by his elders, whose ordinary way of life seems hardly to be affected by the return of the disillusioned army, by the passing of armored cars and shouting agitators at the end of the war. Even the news of the Emperor's flight and abdication hardly causes a ripple on the waters. There is a good deal that is tedious in this even narrative, but some of the street scenes in Berlin in November 1918 are first-rate, pictures excellently drawn from obvious first-hand knowledge.

"China Frisst Menschen" is more lurid and rapid in its pace. Its writer, Richard Huelsenbeck, was the leader of the "dadaist" movement in Germany immediately after the war. But that was shortlived, and he subsequently went as a ship's surgeon on a voyage to the Far East. This novel is an excellent result of his observations. It begins with an exciting account of the attempt of a German steamer to land contraband arms in China, and the following chapters give impressions of the various phases of China in revolution. There are admirable pictures of Shanghai, interesting portraits of a Chinese general, with his pretty wife, more interested in American culture than in the aims of her people, of a Russian "adviser," of Anglo-American missionaries with more political and commercial than religious aims, of the cosmopolitan crowd of sailors, down-and-out adventurers, brothel-keepers, and the like, who congregate in the Chinese ports. Herr Huelsenbeck's political sympathies are clearly with the extreme Chinese Nationalists, and he has some sarcastic characterization of certain English and American types. But he has certainly produced a most readable book from his experiences and observations.

"Donner Überm Meer" is an impression of Ireland, by one of the leaders of the new German school of writing called the "Neue Sachlichkeit"—the new realism. It is rather confused so far as actual narrative is concerned, but some of the individual pages, with their pictures of Dublin, or the wild, rainy country, are impressive. Herr Hauser is a friend and admirer of Liam O'Flaherty, and it is understood that the admiration is mutual. This is perhaps not the only bond between the Irish and the young German writer, for their themes and material also show resemblances. At any rate, those readers of the works of O'Flaherty who know German are recommended to read Hauser who, it may be recalled, has already been introduced to the American and English public by an English translation of his "Bitter Waters."

At Gravesend, England, there is actually a small house whose upper story is an old sailing vessel turned upside-down. It is said to be the very structure that gave Dickens the idea for Peggotty's house in "David Copperfield." Now, they say, it is to be torn down.

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Books of Reference

THE BOOK: Its History and Development. By CYRIL DAVENPORT. New York: Peter Smith. 1931. $4.50.

MR. SMITH'S reprint of Cyril Davenport's study of the development of books is most welcome—published originally in 1908, it has always retained its position among the important works on the subject, and collectors who have never been able to obtain it, should be grateful for its reappearance. The discussion of book bindings which occupies the last hundred pages is especially good, since it contains in a relatively small space so much information given with great clearness. It is rather regrettable that the lists of books placed at the end of each chapter have not been revised and brought to date, but even in their present condition, they are useful.

ENGLISH COLLECTORS OF BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS, 1530-1930. By SEYMOUR DERICCI. New York: Macmillan. 1930.

THIS is a reference book of the greatest importance. Based on the author's Sandars Lectures at the University of Cambridge in 1929, it gives a chronological account of English book collectors, with descriptions of the marks by which they indicated ownership, and takes up in detail not only libraries that have been dispersed, but also the best known private collections of the present. Commencing with John Leland who, in 1536 requested permission to collect manuscripts for the King's library, and Matthew Parker, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave his library to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and coming down to Mr. T. J. Wise whose Ashley Library has caused so many modern collectors to despair, the list is most impressive: there are occasional references to Americans like Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mr. J. P. Morgan, and Mr. H. C. Folger who, during their lives, bought extensively from famous libraries in England, but no collections in this country are described directly. Mr. DeRicci has done an admirable thing in writing such a history of book collectors: his knowledge of the subject and his ability as a writer and bibliographer fit him perfectly for the undertaking, and the result is an invaluable guide.

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT (June 1, 1929, to June 1, 1930). Compiled and edited by MARY HOUSTON WARREN. New York: R. R. Bowker Company. 1931.

IT is unnecessary to review the regular yearly volume of American book-auction prices: since 1895, these books have been an accepted part of every working library, and have always, when they appeared, found a special public waiting impatiently for them. During the period covered by the present issue, there were sixty-five sales: nothing sold at "spectacular prices, but popular items held their own, many of them showing a rise in the advancing scale which has existed for years, whether in times of prosperity or depression." Mrs. Warren has again done careful and distinguished work as compiler and editor, and it must give her enormous satisfaction to realize how indispensable her book is to everyone.

G. M. T.

Auctions

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. April 29th: Books and autograph letters from various sources. This sale is divided into three distinct parts: numbers 1 to 34 are Hawthorne material—a four-page autograph letter from Herman Melville to Mrs. Hawthorne about "Moby Dick"; Hawthorne's copy of the first edition of Emerson's "Nature"; a deed from Emerson to Hawthorne of his home in Concord; seven letters from Mrs. Hawthorne to her husband; a presentation copy from Melville to the Hawthornes of "Pierre," New York, 1852. The second part of the sale is concerned with Mark Twain—a folding announcement of a lecture by Mark Twain on the Sandwich Islands, delivered at Cooper Institute, May 6, 1867, accompanied by a ticket of admission; "The Public to Mark Twain," a hand-bill of one of his earliest lectures in San Francisco; the author's own copy of "King Leopold's Soliloquy," with added autograph manuscript material; the privately printed first edition of "What Is Man?"; an autograph manuscript of 26 pages, "The Experience of the McWilliamses with Membranous Croup." The third part consists of the Whitman-Burroughs correspondence, formerly the property of the late Dr. Clara Barrus, John Burroughs's literary executor. The Burroughs material includes an intimate record in his autograph of a camping trip with Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, and Harvey Firestone. There is also a manuscript estimate of his own poetry by Walt Whitman, with a letter from him to John Burroughs, suggesting that the latter revise the essay and forward it to the *Nation* as his own.

G. M. T.

There have been recently two book catalogues of particular interest: Mr. Alwin J. Scheuer's catalogue number 6, devoted to association books, manuscripts, autograph letters, and drawings, and Messrs. Maggs's catalogue, 555. Mr. Scheuer sends out a catalogue at long intervals, but the result of his waiting is always apparent in the excellence of his work, and in the interest of the items he describes. The Maggs "Selection of Books, Manuscripts, Bindings, and Autograph Letters, remarkable for their interest and rarity," is in the nature of another anniversary issue: it is one of the most overwhelmingly elaborate catalogues of the past five years, and sells, apparently, for 25 shillings. The notes are unusually long and informative, and the illustrations—there are over 102 of these—are beautifully done.

G. M. T.

The Greyhound Press

THE Greyhound Press was established in London by Mr. Alister Mathews in 1925, being reëstablished at St. Cross, Winchester, in 1928. The first five publications of the press were set up by hand and printed on a very small hand press by the proprietor. I have not seen these five essays, but I like the idea: it takes a very small press, a small amount of type, and a lot of imagination to make the best printing office!

Monk Gibbon's "The Branch of Hawthorne Tree" was printed in France, with hand-colored designs by Picart Le Doux—that was in 1927, and the winning of the Dublin Tailteann Literary Prize by Gibbon with his book apparently was too much for so tiny a press, and it ceased to function again till January of this year, when it issued "A Ballad," by Monk Gibbon, 500 copies printed, with four hand-colored designs by Picart Le Doux. It sells for six shillings—and is quite worth it for the tender Victorian sentiment therein, as well as for the pictures.

R.

Notes

EDWARD L. STONE of Roanoke in Virginia has gathered "A Book-Lover's Bouquet"—testimony to books and their charm and delight in verse and prose mostly British and American—which Rudge has issued at $3. The selections include many old favorites, whose worth time does not diminish. The printing is Mr. Stone's: the book is simply but charmingly set in Centaur and Arrighi type, and printed on good paper. The binding is by Rudge. Altogether a very pretty little book.

Bibliomania

THE YALE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY has issued, in offset facsimile, the "Catalogue of the Yale Library in New Haven," which was originally printed by T. Green in New London in 1743. It is a fifty-two page pamphlet, listing the important books in the library at that time.

R.

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FRANZ WERFEL, AUTHOR OF
The Pure In Heart

When *The Inner Sanctum* made its annual pilgrimage to Vienna last summer, one of the outstanding novels of the year throughout Europe was *The Pure in Heart*, by FRANZ WERFEL, published in German under the title *Barbara*.

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The first copies of the American edition have just this minute come from the bindery, and your correspondents reverently and humbly declare this A Great Moment in their publishing career, for *The Pure in Heart* seems destined to endure. It is released for publication today.

The Pure in Heart is the May selection of the Book League of America, whose editorial board consists of EUGENE O'NEILL, GAMALIEL BRADFORD, EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, RICHARD BURTON, and ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH.

The problem of *The Pure in Heart* is the problem of the spiritual man in a non-spiritual universe. For this reason the story transcends time and space. Here the author of *Verdi—A Novel of the Opera*, *Goat Song*, and *Juarez and Maximilian* . . . poet, philosopher, playwright and prophet . . . for six years *The Inner Sanctum's* Noble Worst Seller . . . fulfills the promise of his earlier achievements and comes at last into his own. In *The Pure in Heart* FRANZ WERFEL has set down his vision of man's dilemma and the way of release.

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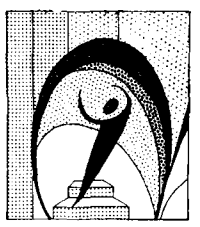

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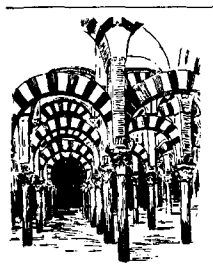

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MICHAEL SADLEIR, who wrote a very good biography of *Anthony Trollope* and is a worthy novelist, is also the accepted authority on *Bulwer-Lytton.* The first volume of his "Bulwer: A Panorama" is due on May eleventh from Little, Brown & Company, under the title of "Edward and Rosina, 1803-1836," thus propernaming both Bulwer and the Irish beauty who was his wife. The completed panorama will end by covering the social and literary life of the 'fifties. There are few biographies that appeal to us so for the reading. . . .

Our own *Christopher Morley's* "John Mistletoe," which we have been dipping into in its Mayday book-form, just from Doubleday, Doran, is Morley in his very best vein. It is also a good stout volume of unusually interesting biographical material, delightfully desultory, ripely jocund. The mystic legend of Etaoin shrdlu may be traced on the jacket. Morley carries it like a journalistic oriflamme. Doubleday has clothed the volume in an unusually pleasing binding. In it there is ingratiating talk of many men and many minds, the reminiscences of high-hearted gregariousness, whether among books or among men. The tang of the volume is in its courageous humility toward life. . . .

Morley has always flung his talents broadcast, extravagantly,—he has sown sense and nonsense with a recklessness that colder spirits disdain. For which very reason, though tares may easily be found here and there amid the unweeded profusion of his writing, his work can also boast exuberant blooms and some exquisitely delicate flowers unmatched in their kind among his contemporaries. And one admires the gusto of his adventure. The more possessed by it we are, the more we stumble and come croppers in our wild pursuit of beauty. Morley has turned his own somersaults in that pursuit, but no mishap has ever deterred him. His progress has been erratic, but beauty is, after all, to be identified with psyche, which is both soul and butterfly, and one's chase of it is necessarily somewhat zig-zag. "John Mistletoe," who is Morley himself, has it yet in him to write a monstrous fine novel. We hope it will be his next book. Meanwhile we have his "dictionary of deplorable facts," which, in the last instance, are anything but deplorable. . . .

We are extremely glad to hear that *Richard Hughes'* "High Wind in Jamaica," here "The Innocent Voyage" (Harper) has been awarded the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize for 1930-31. Last year Mr. Hughes spent a good deal of time in North Africa, and he has now taken up learning to fly. . . .

Talking to *Earle Balch* the other evening he waxed dithyrambic concerning a novel called "Precious Porcelain," by *Neil Bell*, which he has secured for publication in America. In England, Gollancz brought it out. To judge by Mr. Balch's description the book has the most original theme and must have the most ingenious treatment of any volume that has appeared for a long time. We can say no more, of course. But we pass you the tip to be on the lookout for this novel when it appears. . . .

England seems to have just discovered *Don Marquis! Edward Thompson*, writing in the *Observer*, avers that perhaps the one good deed of his life has consisted in bringing Don Marquis and Messrs. Benn, the English publishers, together. Benn have published "archy and mehitabel" in England. Of course, Don Marquis is so characteristically and fundamentally American in every fibre that it is quite possible he may be as much amiss in England as a too thoroughly British writer might be in the States. And yet *Mark Twain* swept England, and Don Marquis is the logical lineal descendant of Mark Twain. . . .

Alice B. Williamson writes us that in *C. Beverly Benson's* review of *Dr. Bailey Willis's* "Living Africa," in the February 28th number of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, Mr. Benson referred to the Carnegie *Institute* of Washington instead of, properly, to the Carnegie *Institution.* "Of course," says Miss Williamson, "we have no quarrel with the Institute, which we admire very much, but *it isn't our name!*" It was the Institution which sent Dr. Bailey Willis on the tour he describes in his book. . . .

E. Vn. F., of 2935 Normanstone Drive, Washington, D. C., wants to know who wrote "Gin and Bitters," and guesses it is *Hugh Walpole* because "you may remember that in several of his novels he mentions people who are too vain to wear glasses—and there are two similar descriptions in 'Gin and Bitters.' I don't remember any other who exploits this particular vanity." Well, we're sorry we can't help out, but we simply don't know. . . .

Sight unseen, we can recommend "Father," by *"Elizabeth,"* which Doubleday, Doran will publish on the first of June. "Elizabeth" is one of the extremely few writers we can always be sure of enjoying. She hasn't let us down yet. . . .

Covici-Friede are reissuing in a popular edition at two-fifty *Pierre Louys's* "Psyche," which they brought out three years ago in an expensive limited edition. The text is the same in both, but the trade edition is minus the Majeska illustrations of the other. . . .

We are glad that *Ella Young* has been completely vindicated and admitted to this country. Longmans, Green is her regular publisher, though Dutton has published her "Celtic Wonder Tales." She is one of the remarkable spirits of our time. . . .

Ah, begorra though, we'd like to slip the tether and roll down, roll down to Rio some day before we're old, as we're getting pretty close to being. So soon as the *Managing Editor* gets back from her much-deserved vacation we shall take off for some furrin part, even if it's only New Hampshire. We'll send you back news of our travels. We're sick of book reviews, we're sick of daily news, we're sick of college crews, we're sick of new club dues, we're sick of bad home brews, we're sick of slews and slews of things. . . .

But meanwhile. . . .

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We believe that the newest generation is worthy of this growing tradition of literature forged out of a changing America! Because we have great confidence in the four authors named herein, and in their books which we have the honor to offer this season, we commend them to your attention. Not simply because they are Americans, though the most non-national cosmopolite would be compelled to recognize their promise for a continuing authentic American expression; but because each of them has something to say; each in his way interprets America; and each has found a distinctive way to tell it.

These books are vigorous, alive. We think they will interest every reader of *The Saturday Review.*

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TOMORROW ONCE AGAIN

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